

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,248—Vol. XLVIII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1879.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS \$1.00.]



THE LATE FLURRY IN LAKE SHORE RAILROAD STOCK.—A SCENE ON THE PIAZZA OF THE UNITED STATES HOTEL, SARATOGA, DURING THE MORNING HOURS  
TAKING HINTS FROM THE RAILROAD CHIEF.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 427.



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1879.

## CAUTION.

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## POLITICAL ANOMALIES.

OUR Republican contemporaries have been teeming for the last two or three weeks with expressions of much just indignation at a case of political terrorism which has recently been witnessed in Yazoo City, Miss., where a number of reputable Democrats, having announced themselves as independent candidates for some local offices, were waited upon by a mob of regular Democrats who set before them the alternative of either straightway "leaving the county" or "taking the consequences." As "taking the consequences" in the parlance of Mississippi politics is understood to mean "death," it is natural to inquire wherein consisted the enormity of the offense committed by these political aspirants, that they should be left only to choose between death and exile as an expiation entitled to appease the wrath of their fellow-citizens. It is proper, therefore, to explain that these "independent" Democrats were guilty of what passes for incivism in the politics of Mississippi, because in putting themselves up as independent candidates, "subject only to the choice of the people at the ballot-box," they were bold to recognize the colored voters as a part of the "people" on whose suffrages they did not disdain to count. It was this recognition which provoked the anger of the Yazoo "Regular Democracy."

Confronted by this "white terror" of their fellow-citizens, the "Independent Democrats," instead of standing on their rights and justifying their claim to independence, were weak and compliant enough to make a compromise with the mob—that is, they withdrew from their candidature as the price of being allowed to live in Yazoo City, and now "order" again "reigns" in the modern Warsaw of the "Regular Democracy."

The fatuity of this proceeding is only exceeded by its iniquity. The old saying of Fouchet that a political crime is also a political blunder, and that some political blunders are worse than political crimes, is almost verified by the arrant stupidity of these political rioters, who, just at a time when charges of "intimidation" at the South can serve a good turn to the Northern Republicans, have come to furnish the latter with a most available text for their commentaries. It is true that the Democrats of the entire South cannot be justly held responsible for the "Yazoo incident," but in a time of public suspicion such "incidents" are easily adjudged to be typical of a whole community, unless their exceptional character is at once demonstrated by the indignation they excite and the denunciation they receive in the bosom of the wider community whose good fame is tarnished by their occurrence. In the present case there is only one way in which the Mississippi authorities could have vindicated the political freedom which has been trodden down at Yazoo City, and that way has not been chosen by them, any more than by the candidates who have retreated before the mob.

As an offset to the Yazoo complication, the Democratic press has found a similar topic for its denunciations in some revelations just brought to light by an investigating committee of the United States Senate which has been sitting at Providence, R. I., inquest on some anomalies of suffrage peculiar to that State. It seems that the Constitution of Rhode Island makes a distinction between the political rights of naturalized and native citizens. All natural-born male citizens who are duly qualified by age and by the payment of a poll-tax are admitted to the right of suffrage without any property qualification; but in the case of naturalized citizens it is required that, in addition to the other prescribed qualifications, they shall be owners of real estate to an amount of not less than \$134. The effect of this constitutional provision works the disfranchisement of a large part of the naturalized citizens of Rhode Island, and tends to discourage foreigners from seeking the privilege of United States citizenship under the laws of Congress. Under the operation of the obstacle thus placed on suffrage and citizenship the voting population of Rhode

Island is constantly growing proportionately less while its aggregate population is constantly increasing. Though the State, in virtue of its aggregate population, is entitled to two Members of Congress, and receives them, its voting population is not larger than that of Delaware, which is entitled to but one Representative in the popular branch of Congress. That is, the voter in Rhode Island has twice as much political weight as the voter in Delaware and in other States. If the Pennsylvania proportion of voters to the total population, as evidenced by the last Presidential election, should prevail in Rhode Island, the number of her voters ought to have been 62,500 instead of 26,000, which is the highest number of votes ever cast in the latter State. In the presence of such statements the reader can appreciate the justice of the remark made by Professor Ernst, a Republican journalist, but a disfranchised naturalized citizen of Rhode Island, when, in giving in his reluctant testimony to the Committee of the Senate, he said that he regarded that State, "in its political organization, as a close corporation, rather than as a Democratic or Republican State."

We have not referred to these "incidents" in Mississippi and Rhode Island for the purpose of librating them one against another in a game of political seesaw. Violence in the one case is no excuse for political inequality in the other, nor is a sufficient answer made in palliation of wrong-doing at the South by pointing to organized incivism at the North. The tumultuary proceeding at Yazoo is of evil omen outside of its narrow territorial limits, for already that evil example has spread to the adjoining county of Rankin, in Mississippi, and therefore tends to work mischief which may well excite the animadversion of the whole country. The constitutional disabilities visited on naturalized citizens in Rhode Island, though effected under the forms of law, are none the less open to public criticism, if they are found to produce evil results in our complex and confederated system of government. The slave-holders under our Federal polity, before the abolition of slavery, enjoyed a right of representation on their slaves, and thus had an advantage over the non-slave-holding population of the North; but the fact that this advantage was secured by the Constitution of the United States did not exempt it from criticism. The fact that the Constitution of Rhode Island discriminates against one class of citizens on the ground of their nativity, and thus invests her voting population with a greater power than is secured to the voters of other States, affords at least a legitimate topic of discussion, for it was precisely such discussion which led to the adoption of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution.

## THE GREEK FRONTIERS.

THROUGH the obstinacy of the Turks the Greek boundary question is again thrown back upon Europe for consideration. Greece has been shamefully cozened. The Berlin Conference has proved a mockery, a delusion and a snare. The Greeks are now aware that they made a mistake in listening to the sphinx-like whisperings of Beaconsfield and to the direct assurances of Lord Derby that when the time came for settling the questions arising out of the war "Her Majesty's Government would use their best influence to secure for the Greek population in the Turkish provinces any administrative reforms or advantages which may be conferred upon the Christian population of any other race." Greece demands an extension of territory. She feels that she is too small, and that the limits which nature laid out for her are not filled in by her kingdom. She yearns for a line drawn from Cattaro, on the Adriatic, to Salonica, on the Aegean, and for all the islands of the Archipelago. Janina is now the battle-cry of the Greeks. She demands this Albanian city, which fell into the hands of the Turks towards the middle of the fifteenth century, and which, under Turkish rule, is fast going to decay. "No understanding between Greece and Turkey is possible," says the leading Greek organ, "that does not give Janina to Greece. We are unanimous, as in all critical periods of our national existence. All the Greeks—the Government and the Opposition—agree to adopt nothing from Europe if Janina remains outside the kingdom."

Greece is thoroughly aroused, and means to make one supreme struggle for the adjustment of her frontier. And is she not justified by the stern logic of facts? But 67,941 of her people out of 1,500,000 speak any other language than Greek, and but 16,084 profess any other belief than the Orthodox one. The laws are excellent; she tries by jury for criminal offenses, and the most complete civil and religious freedom exists everywhere, while it is worthy of note that it was only when the Greeks obtained possession of the Ionian Islands that the Jews became emancipated. The population since 1832 has doubled. Greece has sixty-

five good trading ports, and 5,440 vessels whose aggregate tonnage reaches 262,032. Her commerce touches \$42,000,000, while sixty-five steam factories, all of recent construction, attest her strides on the road of progress. Her educational system is perfect; she outdoes every other nation, not even excepting the United States, and she proudly boasts 129 newspapers. True, agriculture is behind, and that she groans under a grinding land-tax. But Greece is awakening from her sleep of centuries. She begins to feel her own strength, and her cry for Janina is one that will not be uttered in vain.

The latest accounts indicate that slight encounters have already taken place near the Greek frontier. It is said that there are now in Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia 90,000 Turkish troops, exclusive of artillery and cavalry. These, together with the forces at Adrianople and Constantinople and in Albania, make an army of 160,000 men in European Turkey. In the presence of these warlike preparations, the folly of the Powers in accepting the promises of the Turks as to the settlement of the frontier question becomes so obvious as to admit of no excuse whatever.

## BUTLER IN THE FIELD.

ONCE more General Butler, with a pluck and insensibility to defeat all his own, enters the field for the Governorship of Massachusetts. It is a prize which he has eagerly craved and sought for more than twenty years; through every party in turn he has striven, by hook or crook, to win it. The Democrats, years ago, used to run him as regularly as harvest time came round; he fought a formidable fight for the nomination in the Republican convention at least twice, in which he had all the leaders, like Sumner, Wilson, Dawes, the Hoars, the Rices, and their lieutenants, against him; and last year, breaking loose from the two larger organizations, made a Butler party of his own, carried utter confusion into the Democratic ranks, and bore in his own person the brunt of a campaign almost unparalleled for vigor and bitterness in the annals of Massachusetts politics. His discomfiture then, it appears, has not dismayed him. He came out of the contest with 109,435 votes, while Governor Talbot received 134,725. General Butler, therefore, has this year to overcome an adverse majority of about 25,000 votes. What are his chances as compared with 1878?

Last year he received the support of large numbers of the discontented classes, artisans and laborers out of work, victims of the greenback delusion seceded from both parties, a rather small section of the Republicans, and the great mass of the Democrats. A minority of Democratic votes, perhaps 30,000, voted for the Republican candidate, perceiving that Abbott, the orthodox Democrat, stood not the least chance, and resolved at all hazards to beat Butler. It was really these Democratic votes for Talbot that routed him. Had he been able to secure the entire Democratic vote, he would be at this moment occupying the office he has so long and so eagerly coveted. The situation is now, however, somewhat changed. In certain respects it is more favorable to the "perpetual candidate." He suffered, last year, from bad leadership, and to a great extent his campaign was a campaign of rowdiness. His lieutenants were not even shrewd. The part taken in the struggle by the California demagogue, Kearney, drove votes from Butler in herds. He now has shrewd, persevering, adroit politicians, like ex-Marshal Usher and ex-Collector Simmons, as his managers. Kearney is at a safe distance, and Butler no doubt hopes that he is forgotten. On the other hand, the widespread discontent which prevailed last year among the working classes does not exist to anything like the same extent to-day. There is trouble in Fall River and many hands are idle; but the situation has greatly improved within the year. The fire of the Greenbackers, too, has been largely drawn by the success of Secretary Sherman's resumption and financial policy, and Greenbackism has perceptibly dwindled in Massachusetts. The Republicans, moreover, are much more united than they were in 1878. Then there were serious divisions between the Hayes men and the "stalwarts." Events have since drawn these sections together, and they are now a compact body.

Butler shrewdly made State Reform his main issue in 1878. He charged the State administration with extravagance, favoritism and incompetence. He gave long statements of figures to show the reckless expenditure under Republican rule; and he promised that if he was chosen a system of rigid economy should replace it. Much has been done during the year to deprive him of the benefit of this unquestionably strong argument. The legislature has pruned expenditure in every direction. It not only cut down its own salaries, but reduced the salary of nearly every State official. Other reforms have been resolutely carried, so that it may be fairly said that a great practical work in this direction

has been done. Moreover, the Butler men in the Legislature have strenuously opposed many of these reductions and reforms, and this cannot but greatly weaken their champion in the coming fight. It is a problem whether Butler will capture the Democrats this year. He is to be nominated by an "independent convention," which will meet to register a foregone conclusion. Will the Democrats confirm this choice in their succeeding conclave? It is highly probable; and it is even more certain that, if it does, there will be a bolt, and once more an orthodox Democratic candidate. It therefore seems as if he would receive about the same Democratic support, and also the same Democratic hostility, as last year. He will lose on the discontented and the Greenback vote, and he will not get as strong a Republican support as before. We therefore conclude that his vote of last year will be reduced, and the question of his election or defeat hangs upon the success of the Republicans in bringing out their full vote.

The country will watch this contest with deep interest. It is well known that the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts is by no means the goal of General Butler's ambition. He is making a bold and desperate aim for the Presidency. His election in Massachusetts would give him a strong position as a third candidate in the Presidential race; and few can doubt that 1880 will see at least three Presidential candidates in the field. It is plainly for the interest not of Massachusetts alone, but for that of the country at large, that he should be defeated now, and defeated decisively.

## CONVICT LABOR.

IT is a sad commentary on legislation that imprisonment for crime should be used as a means to strike down private capital, to wreck old-established industries, and, in too many instances, to establish suffering and beggary by creating enforced idleness in various branches of production. It cannot be questioned that such results have been the natural outgrowth of the employment of convict labor in the penal institutions of the country. What are some of the facts as they have transpired? It is not long since that an eminent Cincinnati founder testified before a committee of the Ohio Legislature that, in consequence of the ruinous competition of prison labor, he was obliged to close his works and discharge his whole body of employes. Another gentleman, connected with a large manufacturing establishment in the same city, testified that the company of which he was a member gave employment to about one thousand men, but that, owing to the prison system of competition, they were conducting business at a loss, and could not well prolong the struggle. Others gave like testimony, and it was shown to the satisfaction of the committee that many Ohio firms had been driven from business through the vicious system of employing convict labor in the industrial branches of trade.

Ohio is not the only State in which this pernicious system operates to the disadvantage of both capital and labor. Only a few years ago the manufacture of fur hats in Connecticut, New Jersey and other States, gave employment to some 12,000 hands at remunerative wages. A Hatters' Convention, held at Orange, N. J., in 1878, appointed a committee to examine the condition of the trade, and according to their report, made in the month of May of the present year, free labor has now only 5,000 persons engaged in making and finishing fur hats, while 800 convicts are engaged in the same branch of industry. The report affirms that the work outside is never carried on more than eight months in the year, while the imprisoned convicts work six days in the week the whole year round, thus making the amount of work of 800 convicts equivalent to that of 1,400 free laborers. The work of such convicts costs the contractors from twenty-five to forty cents per day, and against this both employers and employed are obliged to compete. At this very time a large force in Dannemora Prison, in this State, are engaged in hat-making. The labor is contracted to a firm in this city at twenty-five cents per day for each man, and the contract calls for ten hours labor each working day of the year. Each convict is forced to turn out four dozen hats for women or two dozen men's hats as a day's work. The price paid by the trade for this class of work has been one dollar per dozen for ladies' hats and two dollars per dozen for men's hats. By this bargain the State of New York gets twenty-five cents from the contractors for four dollars' worth of work, and provides shelter, food and clothes for the convict workmen. Another feature in this contract is that the convicts are inhumanly overworked. Experienced workmen assert that two dozen ladies' hats or one dozen men's hats per day is a fair daily task for any one man working throughout the whole year.

Under such circumstances, is it any wonder that many hatting establishments have ceased operations, that the force of



workmen has been reduced more than fifty per centum, and that, as stated in the resolutions passed by the Hatters' Convention in 1878, convict labor is taking from each journeyman hatter an average of \$30 per annum in wages?

Among the several branches of business carried on in the Ohio Penitentiary is that of cigar-making. Some sixty men are steadily engaged in this branch of business at a contract price of forty cents per day for each workman, or \$2.40 per week. For the kind and quantity of work there turned out an ordinary cigarmaker would receive from \$10 to \$12 per week. The contractor saves from \$7.60 to \$9.60 per week on the cost of manufacture, thus making it an utter impossibility for an outside manufacturer to compete with him. What remains to be done under such circumstances? Either the employer of free labor must reduce wages below starvation rates, or else discharge his workmen and go out of business. Nowhere can the manufacturers of the country, engaged in the production of boots, shoes, furniture, carpets, hats, chairs, hollow-ware, buckets, stone-cutting, cigars, and other mechanical productions, stand up against men who employ convict labor in the same branches. The former must either seek a market not invaded by prison products, or reduce the wages of workmen, or, as a last resort, retire from the field.

While this system may have a tendency to cheapen goods in the market, it is cutting away the ground from under the feet of the employers of free labor and pauperizing American workmen. Who can say how much this employment of prison labor has had to do with the troubles now everywhere prevailing in industrial circles? If convicts can be employed at prices ranging from 25 to 40 cents per day, and be forced to execute two days' work in one, how can honest workmen in the same lines hope for much more?

#### EVENTS ABROAD.

IT is indiscreet in officials who value their salaries to speak of wiping out Sedan and Metz, and of squaring accounts with Germany, at public dinners in France. The Secretary-General of the Department of Ardennes, at a recent rifle-match banquet, full, possibly, of *vin ordinaire*, and equally full of patriotism, referred to the possibility of a *guerre de revanche*, or war of revenge. That this speaker hit the mark, it is true, but the following day found him a gentleman at large, with his successor duly installed.

The British Parliament was prorogued, August 15th. The speech from the throne delivered by royal commission presents a rose-colored view, which the facts do not justify, of the results of British policy in the East, in Afghanistan and in South Africa. It is admitted that the reforms promised by Turkey have not yet been consummated, but the Queen declares her purpose to insist upon their adoption. When it is remembered that the promised reforms have really been postponed because of the failure of the British Government to demand the fulfillment by the Porte of treaty obligations, this announcement of Her Majesty is not likely to be regarded as anything more than a shallow pretext.

Pope Leo, wise in his generation, is inclined to bury the Papal hatchet and smoke the calumet of peace with William of Germany. Bismarck is still out in the cold, and likely to remain minus the Papal blessing, albeit he is now endeavoring to bridge over the gulf that he himself caused to yawn between Germany and the Vatican. It is not unlikely that a Nuncio will be appointed who will keep his eye upon the blood-and-iron Prince, and report the slightest indications of backsliding. The most recent dispatches state that the ecclesiastical policy of the German Government is of so pronounced a Catholic nature as to cause the editor of the *Ultramontane Germania*, and Herr Windhöst, the Catholic leader in the Reichstag, to wag their heads uttering, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*."

The Irish University Bill has passed the Commons, *mirabile dictu*, without a division, and the House of Lords has adopted the amendments made by the Commons. If the Catholics are satisfied with such a settlement of the endowments question, the country must be congratulated upon so unexpected a solution of a most troublesome problem. But can this be assured? For want of a better, the Bill may be accepted for the time, but to say that it will settle the University question is absurd. It will do nothing of the kind. What the Irish Members want is not only "justice" but "reparation," and reparation can only mean the undoing of the "wrong" which was done to the Catholic Church in Ireland at the Reformation. To satisfy claims of such magnitude by such concessions as the Government is now making is simply an impossibility.

The resignation of Count Andrássy, the Austro-Hungarian Premier, has been accepted by the Emperor Francis Joseph, but it is understood that he will remain in office pending the nomination of his successor. A new Cabinet has been formed by Count

Taafe, but in view of the troublous questions with which it will have to deal, its success is only problematical. The defeat of the Liberals at the elections in July disclosed the existence of apparently ineradicable popular antagonisms as to questions which no mere jugglery can put out of sight; and unless the Government shall broaden its policy and put itself abreast of the spirit of the age, the future of the Empire cannot be otherwise than a stormy one.

The latest intelligence from South Africa is more favorable to the hopes of peace. Cetewayo is said to be ready to submit upon condition that he shall be guaranteed safety and good treatment, and this guarantee is reported to have been given him. Another report declares that he is still belligerently inclined. He must, of course, surrender in the end, but he has it still in his power, no doubt, to give the British invaders a great deal of trouble.

A Roman Catholic procession in Belfast has led to the cracking of both Orange and Green skulls. Hating each other for the love of God, the followers of the rival faiths seem to regard a procession as the signal for battle, its appearance producing the same effect upon them as the *muleta* of a *matador* upon an enlarged bull. Half a hundred devotees were brought to their knees through the influence of the shillelah, or the still harder penance of stones, while one or two are in a fair way of joining a procession to that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns.

The International Law Conference in session in London was opened by Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, the distinguished writer on international law. Among the subjects discussed last week was that of intrusting to mixed tribunals criminal jurisdiction to adjudicate on collisions at sea between merchantmen of different nationalities. Mr. E. C. Benedict, of the United States, said that an international criminal law was impossible, and the matter was referred to a committee. A number of leading social Democrats, concerned in an attempt to reorganize the Socialists, have been arrested in Dresden. A naturalized citizen of the United States, one Mirzan, shot and killed the confidential agent of the ex-Khédive of Egypt, at Alexandria, a few days since, in consequence of a private grudge. The State Department has instructed our Acting Consul-General at Alexandria to proceed in the case according to the demands of justice. M. de Lesseps's Panama Canal scheme appears to hang fire. Of 800,000 shares of the scheme put on the market only about 20,000 shares have been applied for, and these chiefly through a syndicate supporting the scheme. Despite this undoubted failure, M. de Lesseps asserts that he still has hopes of American aid.

SOME of the members of the English commission on the depression of the agricultural interests in Great Britain will visit this country and Canada for the purpose of inquiring into the question of food supplies. Such a commission could not come to the United States for such a purpose at a more opportune moment than the present.

PROCEEDINGS have been commenced in earnest against the persons who are charged with corrupt solicitation of members of the Pennsylvania Legislature in connection with the attempted passage of the Pittsburg Riot Claims Bill. Among the accused are two or three prominent bank officials and well-known politicians, and their trial by the courts will awaken widespread interest in financial and political circles. If their guilt should be established they should be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

THE report of Commissioner Raum on the condition of the Internal Revenue accounts during the past year shows very conclusively the integrity of that branch of the public service. The total collections of internal revenue during the fiscal year amounted to \$113,448,830, and of this sum every dollar was accounted for and paid into the Treasury. During the past three fiscal years the total collections of internal revenue have been \$343,098,178, and the total amount in default is only \$2,786, which is recoverable by suits. We venture to say that no private business in the country can show such a record as this.

SECRETARY SHERMAN is fortunate in his critics. Wendell Phillips has just published an open letter savagely criticising the Secretary's financial policy, and insisting that the nation, instead of being on the road to prosperity, is really bankrupt. He denounces the Republican Party as false to its most sacred promises, and, outlining the policy of the Greenbackers, says that they must attack resolutely the whole banking system. The letter is marked by all the wild exaggerations which usually characterize Mr. Phillips's public efforts; but it has, at the same time, some touches of description which will be keenly enjoyed by the public.

THE National Board of Health has failed entirely to justify the expectations of those who urged its formation. Its only beneficiaries are the physicians who are running at large in the South at ten dollars a day and expenses, and who, so far, have not been of the slightest ser-

vice in connection with the yellow fever visitation. It is idle to suppose that this disease can be dealt with by manipulation from Washington, or by the scampering of inspectors to and fro out of the reach of the contagion. The Secretary of the Treasury, as we think, would be justified in refusing to pay out any further sums of the \$500,000 appropriation made by Congress until the Board shall at least show some practical results for the outlay already made.

THE defeat of the debt compromise proposition in Tennessee, at the recent election, leaves the question still an open one; but unless a special session of the Legislature shall be convened, nothing definite can be done until January, 1881, when the next regular session will be held. There are those who believe that the debt will be finally paid at the rate of sixty cents on the dollar at six per cent. interest; but this result scarcely seems to be possible in the present state of public feeling on the subject. The entire debt of Tennessee, it may be well to remember, is \$20,800,000 principal, and about \$4,000,000 arrears of interest. At six per cent. the annual interest is about \$1,200,000. The compromise just rejected proposed the payment of fifty cents on the dollar by bonds bearing four per cent. interest. This would have reduced the principal to about \$12,000,000, and the interest to a little less than \$500,000, requiring a tax of less than 3½ mills, in addition to amounts received from other sources, to pay this and the ordinary State expenses.

SARATOGA is not only the centre of fashion and the field of skillful stock manipulations, as elsewhere shown in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; it is also, just now, the scene of frequent political conferences and deliberations. Recently, a conference of prominent Democratic managers of this State was held there to mature a plan of operations for the Fall campaign, and it is alleged that, as a result of the decision arrived at, an effort will be made to nominate Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer for Governor, and that, failing in this, Chief-Justice Church will be asked to carry the party standard. This movement is understood to be in opposition to that for the renomination of Governor Robinson. On the Republican side, the candidates prominently named are A. B. Cornell, Theodore M. Pomeroy, John H. Starin and Senator Sloan, and all of these have active partisans who scheme and plan on the cool Saratoga piazzas. The coming contest is one of great importance in its bearings upon the next national election, and both parties, we fancy, will feel constrained to put the best and strongest possible tickets in nomination.

It is now announced that General Grant will reach San Francisco about the middle of September. The scheme for a grand transcontinental excursion to welcome him at the Golden Gate and escort him to the East appears to have been abandoned, and wisely so. Whether the committees appointed by the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and one or two other States to tender him a more orderly welcome in their name will carry out their instructions, is yet to be seen; but we suspect that the ex-President, should he be consulted, would prefer that all these unnatural, exaggerated demonstrations should be altogether abandoned. As to the use of his name in connection with the Presidency, he is reported in the *Herald* correspondence to have used the following language, in conversation with the Viceroy of Tientsin, China, who congratulated him on his possible nomination:

"Your Excellency is very kind, but there could be no wish more distasteful to me than what you express. I have held the office of President as long as it has been held by any man. There are others who have risen to great distinction at home and who have earned the honor, who are worthy, and to them it belongs, not to me. I have no claims to the office. It is a place distasteful to me, a place of hardship and responsibilities. When I was a younger man these hardships were severe and never agreeable. They would be worse now."

APPARENTLY the Government is about to adopt a more vigorous policy in reference to the polygamous practices of the Mormons. The Act of Congress prohibiting polygamy having been contested by the Mormon influence and decided constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, the Administration has no other course left but to insist upon its enforcement, and has therefore instructed the District Attorney of Utah to carry it into effect against all persons guilty of bigamy. The Government will also insist that the importation of the deluded women who are brought here by Mormon agents from Germany, England, and other countries, for purposes in violation of the national statutes, shall be prohibited, being held to come within the meaning of the treaties which prohibit the importation of criminals. This announcement appears to have provoked great consternation in Utah, and the church organ denounces with great violence what it calls the efforts of "modern autocrats to thwart the divine purpose in gathering the Latter Day Israel." On Sunday week last, several of the Mormon Apostles in Salt Lake, in addressing the faithful, counseled them to procure firearms and prepare for active resistance to the Federal authority, and on the day following the gunshops did a thriving trade in selling and repairing weapons of one description and another. The Mormon leaders probably imagine that the Government officials will be terrorized by this vehement and angry bluster, but unless all the reports as to the purposes of the Government are unfounded, the blatant and insolent anarchists are likely to discover very soon that they have reached the end of their rope, and will no longer be permitted to defy with brazen audacity the laws of God and man.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

TREMONT TEMPLE, in Boston, was destroyed by fire August 14th; loss, \$120,000.

THE Lake Shore Railroad Company has acquired control of the Canada Southern Road.

THE cashier of the Citizen's National Bank, of Washington, D. C., is a defaulter in the sum of \$60,000.

BISHOP ODENHEIMER, of the Episcopal Diocese of New Jersey, died August 14th, aged sixty-two years.

FIVE persons were killed by a collision on the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Narrow Gauge Railroad, August 14th.

WALTER PAINE, Third Treasurer of the American Linen Company, Fall River, Mass., is a defaulter in over \$100,000.

THE Locust Grove Hotel and Pavilion, on Gravesend Bay, Long Island, a well-known Summer resort, was destroyed by fire August 15th.

JOSEPH K. FRYE, a well-known Boston merchant, was murdered in his own house on the night of August 14th, by some person unknown.

THE New York Democratic State Convention will be held at Syracuse, September 10th. The call indorses Governor Robinson's administration.

A WRIT of certiorari in the case of ex-Police Commissioner Nichols has been served upon Mayor Cooper. It is probable that an appeal will be taken.

THE Montreal banking scare has disappeared and confidence has returned. The feeling on the Stock Exchange has vastly improved and stocks have advanced all round.

REV. THOMAS B. SARGENT, a well-known and highly esteemed minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Baltimore, August 15th. He was seventy-four years of age.

AT the convention of the National Cotton Exchange, held in this city last week, Mr. John B. Laflitte was elected President, William P. Campbell, Vice-President, and Henry G. Hester, Secretary.

MR. GEORGE WALKER has been sent to Europe by the Secretary of State to ascertain the views of foreign Governments upon the plan to call a Congress to fix the relative value of gold and silver in coinage.

SENATORS KIRKWOOD, PLUMB and DAWES started August 14th for the Cheyenne Indian Agency to investigate the recent raids. They travel in private conveyances, and twelve days will be consumed in making the trip.

THE Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *St. Paul*, from Onalaska, reports that the Arctic exploring yacht *Jeannette* arrived there on August 2d, and was to sail for St. Michael's on August 6th. All on board were well.

THE statement that the stolen body of the late A. T. Stewart had been recovered is authoritatively denied. The robbers, however, are still negotiating, through a lawyer of this city, for its restoration, demanding the sum of \$200,000.

A CHARCOAL-BURNERS' association at Eureka, Nev., numbering 2,000 members, last week struck for higher wages, refused to allow teams from the mills to load, and defied the sheriff and his posse. The Governor called out three companies of militia.

THE Wallace Investigating Committee last week inquired into election methods in Massachusetts, and especially as to the intimidation of operators by employers. A number of mill workmen testified that they voted in accordance with the instructions of their overseers.

THE yellow fever is still spreading at Memphis. The highest number reported in any one day last week was forty. The new cases are spread far outside the old infected districts, showing that infection has reached points heretofore recognized as safe. Business is entirely destroyed.

##### Foreign.

MR. TEN BROECK's American bred filly Saratoga won the Runnymede Plate at Egham, England, August 13th.

MR. WELSH, American Minister to England, has gone to Osborne, probably to present to the Queen his letters of recall.

HENRY M. STANLEY, the African explorer, arrived at Serra Leone, Africa, on the 24th of July, and started for the river Congo.

DR. MOSLEY, a promising young physician in Boston, fell recently while ascending the Matterhorn, in Switzerland, and was killed.

JAMES MCHENRY, the well-known English financier, has failed, with liabilities estimated at about \$5,000,000, and assets reported to be small.

A DISPATCH from Peeth reports that a severe famine prevails in the district of Nerzhinsk, Siberia. The Government is distributing corn to the poor.

THE latest accounts state that 1,476 houses have been burned at Sarajevo. The losses will reach 50,000,000 florins. Forty-six soldiers were killed and wounded.

ROWELL and Brown, the English pedestrians, have sailed for New York, to take part in the great international walking-match at Gilmore's Garden, in September.

SUNDRY fires, some of them of incendiary origin, are reported in the Spanish provinces. In one case thirty houses were destroyed and thirty-four persons perished in the flames.

COLONEL GORDON, Governor-General of Southern Egypt, has been forced to return to Darfur by the serious aspect of the war with the slaves, whom he thought he had suppressed.

IN order to colonize the Central Asian provinces, Russia has promised all her subjects residing therein unlimited land grants and exemption from military service and the payment of taxes.

THE war in South America continues. The Chilean Admiral bombarded Iquique August 16th, doing considerable damage. The Peruvian vessels have been ordered to retaliate on the Chilean ports.

THE English House of Commons has finally passed the Bill enabling banks of unlimited liability to become banks of limited liability and authorizing such banks to increase the nominal value of their shares.

A BLOODY riot took place in Quebec, August 15th, between the French-Canadian and Irish ship laborers. Over 2,000 persons participated in the fighting, and for a time the authorities were powerless before the mob. Several houses were sacked, two persons were killed, and a dozen others badly injured.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 427.



EGYPT.—THE VICE-REGAL CHANGE—DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE FROM CAIRO.



EGYPT.—THE VICE-REGAL CHANGE—THE EX-KHÉDIVE LEAVING THE ABDINE PALACE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—ZULUS MAKING BREAD FOR THE BRITISH TROOPS AT ESTCOURT.



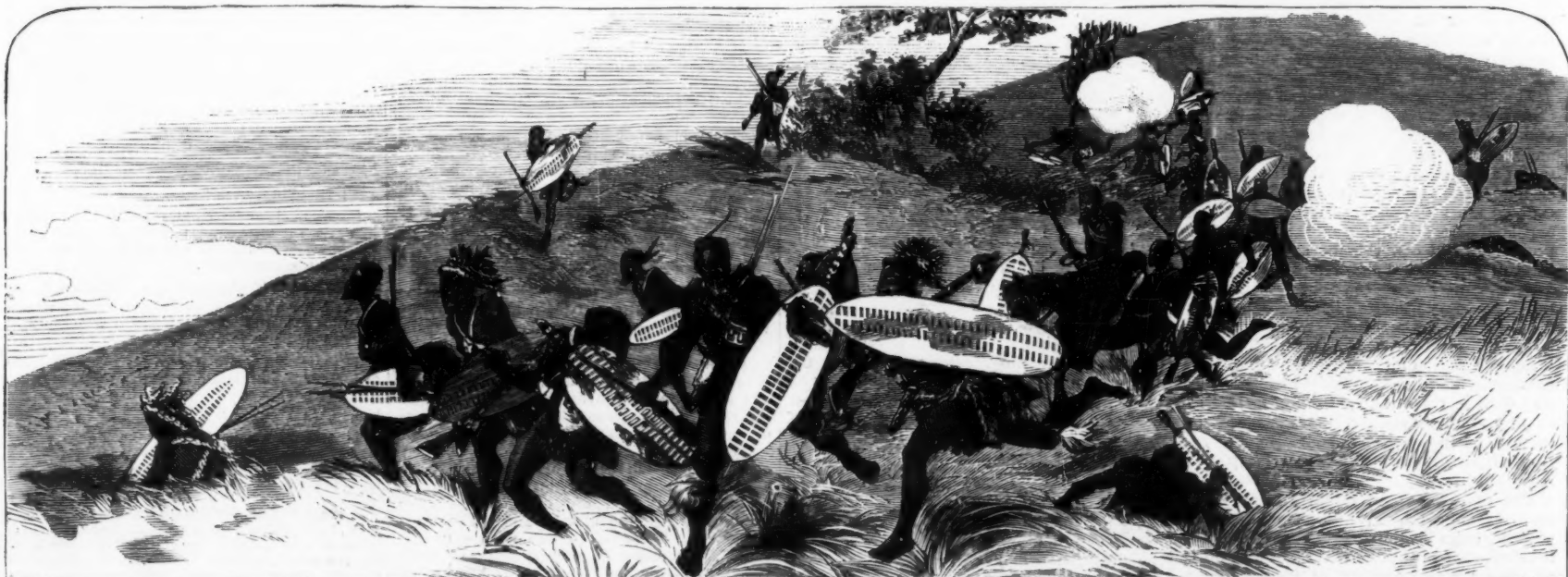
PERU.—SAILORS OF THE CHILIAN FLEET ATTEMPTING TO LAND AT PISAGUA.



ARCTIC REGIONS.—COMMANDER CHEYNE'S PLAN FOR REACHING THE NORTH POLE.



SOUTH AFRICA.—JOHN DUNN EXAMINING A ZULU PRISONER.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—THE ADVANCE FORCE OF A NATIVE COLUMN CHARGING UPON THE BRITISH TROOPS.



SWIMMING FROM SANDY HOOK TO  
MANHATTAN BEACH.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, the English swimmer who distinguished himself by swimming across the English Channel without any life-saving apparatus, accomplished with much ease the task of swimming from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Beach, a direct distance of ten miles, but lengthened to fifteen by the necessities of the course, in five hours and a half, on Wednesday, August 13th. Arriving at the Hook, the party, after a short wait, embarked on the *Priscilla* and steamed around to the Government Dock. Webb undressing the meanwhile. When stripped he weighed 195½ pounds, and stood five feet eight inches in height. He wore nothing except a small cloth about his waist. His body was carefully greased from head to foot, and, putting on a small blue cap, he stood at the bow of the boat ready for the plunge. At twenty-five minutes of nine o'clock A. M. he dived from the boat into the water and swam rapidly to the shore. There he poised himself for a moment or so, and at exactly twenty-two minutes of nine he sprang into the water and began his great swim. The tide was a strong ebb, and the wind very light indeed, and from the south. He swam an even stroke, making very slow progress for the first one-eighth of a mile. When about an eighth of a mile out he passed through a school of mossbunkers without appearing to notice them in the least.

The tide began to run harder as the channel was reached, and for twenty minutes the stroke was about twenty-nine to the minute, a faster stroke by seven than he used in his swim across the English Channel.

At a quarter-past nine the wind died away, and a few minutes later he passed the black-and-white striped channel buoy. A flock of birds now circled around the swimmer's head for a few moments, and they were followed by another school of mossbunkers, who jumped all over and around the swimmer as he pursued the even tenor of his way.

At eleven the first jellyfish were met, and Webb looked anxiously at them to see if they were of the stinging kind, of which he seems more afraid than of sharks. After finding to his satisfaction that they were not stingers, he hailed the boat and said that he was "not at all tired." Nor did he appear to be, as his stroke was now twenty-six a minute. A few moments later the yacht *Rosetta* came close up and some one on board hailed Webb. He turned suddenly completely around and looked at the yacht, and then immediately went on again. He turned and swam a little on his right side at a quarter past eleven, but only for a few strokes. This was the first change he had made from the time he entered the water.

At one o'clock Webb was swimming twenty-seven strokes to the minute. Five minutes past the hour the red spar-buoy on the middle ground was passed, the wind blowing harder with each moment. At twenty-five minutes past one Webb changed his position for a few strokes, but resumed the old, regular motion again in less than a minute. At



PENNSYLVANIA.—DANIEL O. BARR, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

exactly half-past one Webb stopped for the first time since the start, and treading water near the launch asked for something to drink.

Captain Hartley filled a pewter mug with beer and handed it to Webb, who, treading water the while, drank the contents and threw the cup back into the boat. Webb then swam up beside the boat again and asked for meat, when Captain Hartley took some roast beef, which, breaking into small pieces, he placed in the swimmer's mouth. Webb chewed a small piece about the size of one's finger, and then swam on. He reached the vicinity of the Beach at two o'clock, and then remained in the water three hours longer in order to keep his engagement to land shortly after five o'clock, the consideration being \$1,000. The water was exceedingly rough, and during this time he was tossed here and there like a cork. Now away up on a white-crested wave, now down in a hollow that seemed to have the sand for a bottom, his little blue cap told the watchers that he was all right.

The passengers on the launch had an exciting time during these three hours, and it was with much difficulty the crew could be kept at work until the passengers were transferred to the yacht *Nelly*. Captain Webb landed at 5:05 P. M., fresh and hearty, and there was great enthusiasm over him as he passed through the bathing-house amphitheatre, the men shouting and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and throwing him bouquets, while the British flag floated from the staff above him.

DANIEL O. BARR,

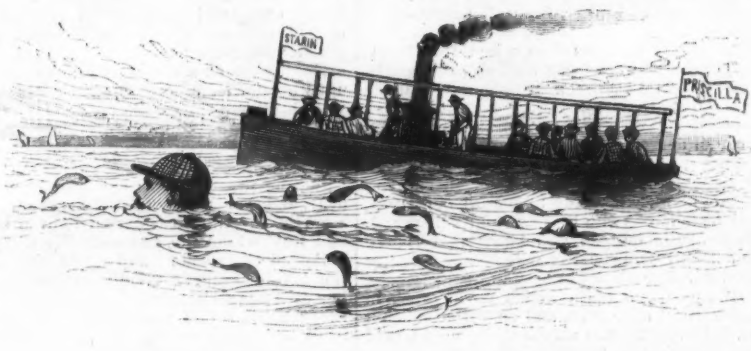
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR STATE  
TREASURER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Democratic candidate for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, Mr. Daniel O. Barr, whose portrait is given on this page, is in the prime of his years, having been born at Blairsville, Indiana County, in 1840. He was educated at the public school in that town, and was subsequently employed in one of the local stores and by a firm of contractors engaged in the construction of a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At a later period he studied telegraphy, and filled a number of important positions under the eye of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who was then superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Road. He next, in July, 1868, accepted an appointment in the old Pittsburgh Trust Company, now the First National Bank of Pittsburgh, one of the largest and most admirably managed banking institutions in the State, and there he has remained ever since, discharging all the duties of his position with marked ability and spotless integrity.

In 1869 Mr. Barr was nominated by the Democrats in the Legislature as the candidate for State Treasurer, as a compliment to him for the active part he had taken in that and previous campaigns. Again in 1870 he was the regular caucus nominee for State Treasurer, but the party being in the minority on both occasions the Republican Treasurers were elected. Two years ago his name was presented to the Democratic State Convention for the



THE START FROM SANDY HOOK.



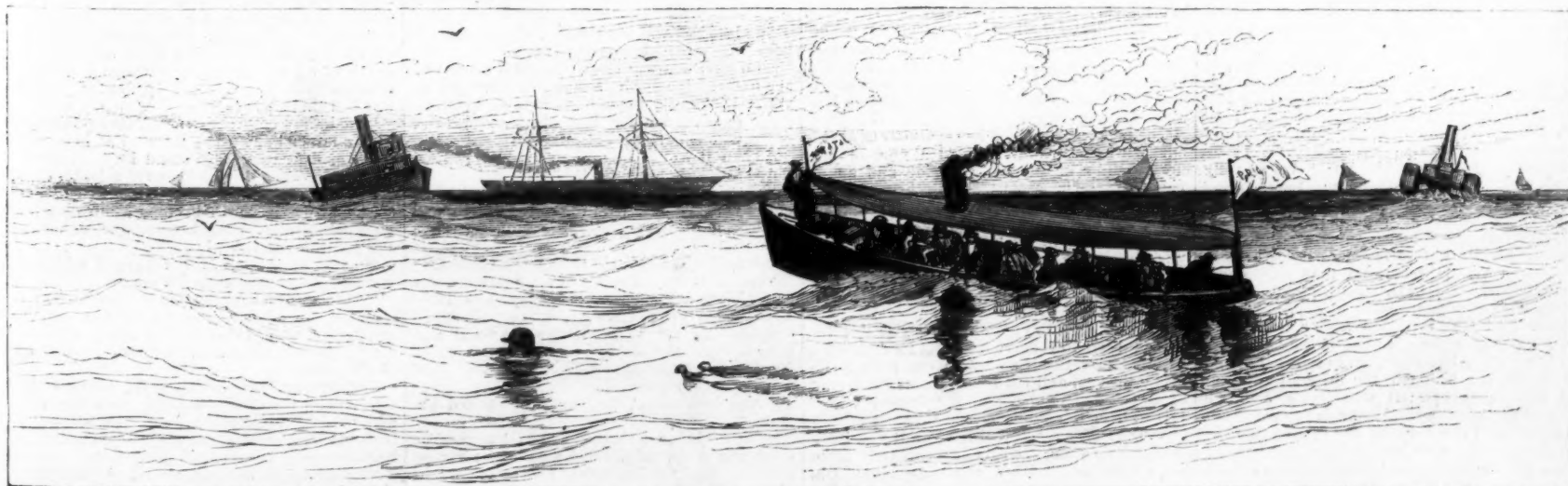
MOSSBUNKERS JUMPING OVER THE SWIMMER.



TAKING A DRINK.



TOSSED ON THE WAVE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE, LOOKING FROM SANDY HOOK.

NEW YORK.—SWIMMING FROM SANDY HOOK TO MANHATTAN BEACH—CAPTAIN WEBB'S SUCCESSFUL FEAT ON AUGUST 13TH.



nomination for State Treasurer, and at the convention recently held he was again put in nomination, and will be warmly supported.

Mr. Barr's career has been marked by great activity and genuine usefulness. He has never been a drone in the hive. He has shown himself in all the relations of life a man of broad sympathies, earnest convictions and thorough conscientiousness. One who knows him intimately writes: "Sympathetic with others in their troubles and considerate of their wants, his hand has often reached out quietly to succor those who needed aid, and today he has more personal friends in the community in which he lives than almost any man who could be named. He has ever been a faithful worker for his party, has attended many of the State and National Conventions, and was one of the committee of thirty-three at Reading appointed to select the Democratic delegates-at-large to the Constitutional Convention. Always moderate and restrained in his actions and expressions, he has attracted to himself that kind of friendship and support which it is very hard to take from any one who has it. His nomination illustrates this. Wherever he made a friend in any part of the State, that friend seemed to have brought others, and to stand up with enthusiasm for him."

#### RUBIE'S MISTAKE.

"RUBIE, child, do not grieve so! Be brave for my sake!" And Roy Wentworth drew the slight, girlish form more closely to his side.

Rubie raised her dark, tearful eyes to his face.

"Roy, I will try. But you do not know how lonely I shall be—how—" Poor little Rubie was trying hard to calm herself, but in spite of her efforts the red lips quivered piteously.

"Yes, I do know, for I shall sadly miss my little wild rose. But on this, our last night, let us sit under this shady old tree and have one cheerful little chat, and see if I cannot bring the smiles back to that woe-furrowed face." And Roy, half-laughingly, half earnestly, drew her gently down to the mossy-bank at his side.

Rubie was strangely silent. It was a bitter trial for her, this separation from her handsome, manly lover; for her life, short as it had been, was a lonely one. While she was yet a babe her young mother died, leaving her alone, with no companion save her father, her kind, indulgent father, who worshiped her for the resemblance she bore to his fair young bride—who gratified her slightest wish, and lavished upon her all that wealth could buy. Rubie, in return, loved him deeply and tenderly; yet this love could not fill all her soul, and often in her beautiful home a feeling of loneliness stole over her, and the motherless child would have given all her great wealth for a companion to cheer the dreary house and break the dull monotony of her life.

Was it any wonder, then, when Roy Wentworth, who was spending the Summer months at Earnstead, became a frequent visitor at Clifton Hall, that Rubie, poor lonely child as she was, should learn to love with all the fervor of her warm, impulsive nature with a love that was almost idolatry? But she dared not hope that she was cared for in return, and one night, when Roy took both her trembling little hands into his own, and whispered, "Rubie, little one, do you know that I love you? Will you be my wife?" she silently raised her face all doubtfully to his.

But there was truth in his voice, truth in those earnest blue eyes, and so Rubie trusted him, believing that in all the wide, wide world there was none so happy as she.

Mr. Clifton consented to this union, saying, "You may have her, Roy, but not yet." And his voice grew husky as he added, "When you take her you take the sunshine from my home. I cannot give up my child now; Rubie must stay with her old father at least two years more."

The village gossips held up their hands in horror when the engagement between the judge's beautiful daughter and an apparent stranger was whispered abroad. But Rubie only tossed her pretty head, and would not listen to a word against her lover.

Happy days followed, such as Rubie's short life had never known bright, joyous days, shadowed only by the thought that Roy must soon go away; and Rubie, although she knew that his visit had already been prolonged many weeks, placed his departure far away in the dim future. But Roy had suddenly announced his intention to return, saying that he had received a letter the day before calling him home.

The news, though not entirely unexpected, proved a blow to Rubie; but Roy spoke cheerfully, and at last succeeded in diverting her attention, while Rubie gained from him a promise that before many months he would again visit Earnstead, and bring with him a certain merry maiden, Roy's only sister, to whom he was deeply attached, and that she should be her constant companion during her visit; for Rubie had already learnt to love this unknown Mabel, as she fancied she would love anything that was dear to Roy.

Besides, they were to write very, very often, and Rubie felt that those long, loving letters from Roy would, in a measure, compensate for his absence, and she was therefore disposed to look more hopefully into the future; and, if not quite her own bright self, she carried a lighter heart than only a few hours before she had thought it possible to do under the circumstances.

They had just returned from a walk over the hill. Rubie was standing in the hall, with the little white hat swinging in her hand, and when passing through the door a light coat fell from the rack; it was Roy's, and she stooped to pick it up. As she did so some letters fell from the pocket; she caught them in her hands and was about to replace them, when she thought she recognized in a dainty pink envelope one of her own letters. Scarcely knowing why she did it—perhaps to recall the occasion on which it had been written, and thinking of no harm—she thoughtlessly drew

out the letter. To her astonishment a picture presented itself to her view, that of a girl, young and beautiful—a sweet, girlish face, with rosy, laughing lips and sunny blue eyes.

How came this picture there? Surely she had never seen it before. She glanced at the writing—it was not her own. Had Rubie paused but a moment, not for worlds would she have done what she did; but her brain seemed on fire, and she was prompted by a mad desire to know the worst. The letter was lying open in her hand—only one hasty glance, but it revealed all; a few words written in a graceful, childish hand—only a few, but they were as a death-blow to Rubie's happiness.

"DEAREST ROY: Do you remember how you used to tell me that you loved me more than anything else in the world? Will you ever come back? I send my photograph as you requested, and hope it will remind you sometimes of me. You will come back soon, won't you, Roy? I miss you so much! Your loving  
"MAY LEE."

Very slowly Rubie folded the letter about the picture and returned it to the envelope. In her hand were two more letters, both directed in that bold, free writing which she knew only too well; one to Charles L. Mason & Co., the other to Miss Mabel Lee.

Rubie pressed her hand upon her forehead in a dazed sort of way, and wondered if her heart had turned to stone. Then, with a face cold and white with grief, she placed both letters in the pocket.

Through the open door called a well-known voice:

"Rubie! Rubie!"

But she turned silently away; not one moment too soon.

Half-way across the hall, a faint, dizzy feeling came over her; and Roy, weary at her long delay, found her cold and senseless, stretched upon the marble floor.

Then, with a face almost as white as the one lying so still upon his bosom, he laid his burden upon a sofa and called for assistance.

Mr. Clifton and Rubie's maid were soon by the side of the unconscious girl; and when at last she opened her eyes, it was Roy's face, pale and anxious, that was bending over her, Roy's hand that was holding hers in warm embrace.

"Oh, what has happened?" she exclaimed starting up and looking wildly about her. "Oh, take me, papa, take me!" and she fell helpless into his arms.

"Rubie, dear child," he asked anxiously, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Roy came and stood at her side; but she turned from him with a shudder, as she whispered, "No, papa; I wish to go to my room."

Having closed and locked her door, she sank upon her knees before an open window. She was hot and feverish, and her temples throbbed with pain. Too utterly miserable for sleep, she gave herself up to her painful thoughts.

It seemed years since she had entered that dear, familiar room, a happy, care-free girl. Now the sunshine was crushed out of her life, and Roy, whom she had so madly worshiped, belonged to another; and again she brought the lovely features vividly to her mind. In her own heart she could feel no anger towards the beautiful girl who had taken from her life's dearest object, for something in the pure, innocent face seemed to say that she was as good as beautiful, and she prayed that Roy Wentworth would not break that young heart as he had broken hers.

A knock at the door interrupted her; she opened it, and Janet placed a note in her hand. With nervous haste she tore it open and read its contents.

"MY POOR LITTLE RUBIE: Are you well enough to come down and say good-night? If not, I will call early in the morning.  
"Your own Roy."

"Your own Roy!" she repeated bitterly, and the crimson blood rolled in dark waves over her pale face as she crushed the note tightly in her hand. Then, drawing a small rosewood writing-desk before her, she hastily wrote:

"MR. WENTWORTH—You will please consider our engagement at an end. Do you ask for an explanation? Then your own heart will tell you if you have been true to me. Do not attempt to see me; it would be useless.  
"RUBIE CLIFTON."

Then she drew the sparkling diamond from her finger, and, folding the small white note about it, placed both in the envelope. Then she removed from a slender gold chain a costly locket; she pressed the spring, and Roy's handsome, boyish face was before her. Roy's laughing blue eyes were looking full into her own.

One moment she stood irresolute. Could she part with that which seemed a part of her life? With a stifled sob all pride and anger vanished, and, almost heart-broken, she pressed her quivering lips to the loved face, while the bitter tears fell thick and fast, and Rubie wept as in all her life she had never wept before.

Still wondering at the long silence which had followed his message, Roy was startled by a voice at his side.

"Please, sir, Miss Clifton sends you this."

He turned to receive a packet from Janet's hand. She retired, and with eager haste he broke the seal and read its contents. It would be impossible to describe the dismay which spread over the handsome face.

"Your own heart will tell you if you have been true to me," burst involuntarily from his white lips. "What can she mean? Oh, Rubie, are you insane? She is ill now, but she will, she must, see me in the morning."

Then he seized his hat, and hurried from the house.

But when the next day came Rubie was firm, and would not see her lover. In vain he lingered, hoping she would relent. Her purpose was unalterable.

It is needless to tell of the dreary days that followed, of the long, sleepless nights, and mornings when Rubie found her pillow still wet with tears; for, young as she was, she had not loved with a child's love that could be thrown lightly aside, but with that woman's love that would come to her but once in a lifetime.

Two years passed away. Ruby was much changed—the youthful face was shaded with pain, but beautiful still.

It was at this time that Mrs. Featherstone, Mr. Clifton's only sister, came to spend a few months at Earnstead. Of this aunt Rubie knew but little, as her home was far away, and her visits few and far between. It was almost six years since her last visit.

Mrs. Featherstone was a widow, and had no children; and something in Rubie's sad, sweet face, and the dark, wistful eyes, touched her warm heart, and she longed to fold the girl to her bosom, and to love her as she would have loved her own child, had one been given her; and thus, between the childless woman and motherless girl sprang a strong friendship, which soon ripened into love. At length she made up her mind to take Rubie home with her. Her brother consented; so one month later Rubie found herself at her aunt's beautiful residence in Rathmond.

Mrs. Featherstone deeply loved her niece, and would fain have made her happy; and it sadly pained her kind heart to see that shadow which rested upon the sweet young face. She knew that something was grieving her; but fancied, could her attention be called away and her thoughts diverted, her trouble would wear itself out. So Rubie was kept in a constant whirlwind of gaiety.

"Rubie," said her aunt, one evening, "you must not forget Mrs. Arnold's reception. It is time to dress."

"I did not know it was so late. What shall I wear, Aunt Marian?"

"Anything you choose, dear; but I wish you to look even prettier than ever to-night, for I expect to meet a large number of friends, and you know I am very proud of my little niece. Run away now; your maid has been waiting this half-hour. You will find flowers in your room."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Marian!"

Rubie went to her room and began to search her wardrobe, intent upon gratifying her aunt by wearing one of her prettiest dresses.

An hour later, her toilet completed, Rubie turned for a last look into her mirror. Surely she could find no fault with what she saw reflected—a graceful, girlish form, clad in a rich, glimmering satin of pale pink, with an overdress of soft, fleecy white lace carelessly draped with rosebuds of pure white and delicate pink, while the same beautiful flowers nestled among the long, dark curls which fell in profusion over the white, dimpled shoulders.

The fair, sweet face was still pale, save for the faint blush upon the soft cheeks, and an eager light glowed from the depths of the large, beautiful eyes.

With a little smile of satisfaction, Rubie ran lightly down stairs.

Mrs. Featherstone, tall and stately, in a costly evening dress of dark blue silk, met her at the door, and Rubie noticed with pleasure the look of pride and wonder that flitted over the handsome face, and felt amply repaid for the slight sacrifice which she had made by the tender kiss which she received.

The guests had already thronged Mrs. Arnold's brilliantly-lighted rooms. Many lovely faces, many beautiful forms had gathered there. Mrs. Featherstone moved about with that stately, winning grace which seemed a part of herself; and her kind greeting and ready smile made her a favorite with old and young. With a quiet pleasure she noticed the many whispered words of praise, the many admiring glances, bestowed upon the beautiful girl at her side.

Dance followed dance in rapid succession, but at last, flushed and weary, Rubie stood for a few moments alone. Eagerly she watched for an opportunity to pass out unobserved, and saw that the bay-window near which she was standing opened from the floor out upon a small balcony. Once out in the open air and alone, she found a rustic seat, and, clasping both hands upon its arm, bowed her head upon them, while the cool breeze fanned her cheek. Poor, weary-hearted child! She had tried, oh, so hard, to be happy, and how miserably she had failed! Could she never forget?

So absorbed was she that she did not at first hear voices near the open windows.

"Do you know, Cousin Ernest, I think you are extremely selfish in keeping Ettie all to yourself, when I have been looking in every nook and corner for her. Ettie, you can't guess who is here?"

"Then it would be useless to try," replied the young lady addressed.

"Now don't be so provokingly cool, when I know you are just wild to know! But I will be reasonable for once. It is May—May Lee and her brother."

"Why, Nell, I thought they were abroad."

"So did I, until I saw them a few moments ago. They returned on Tuesday, and have kept themselves perfectly quiet on purpose to surprise us all to-night. Mrs. Arnold and Frank were the only ones who knew of it. May is lovely to-night; I do believe the child grows prettier every day."

"And how about the brother?" asked Ernest.

"Oh, he is just as handsome and as good as ever, and a splendid catch; but we girls do not take as much interest in him as one might suppose."

"And why not?"

"Well, you see, he fell in love with a beautiful girl. They were engaged, but must have

had a quarrel, for he came home and was dangerously ill for a long time, and—"

"Hush!" said Ettie in a low voice, as the speaker paused for breath. "Some one will hear you. Nellie, how do you know this?"

"Mrs. Blain was his nurse, and she told me how he raved and called her name, and vowed never to marry another; and he has kept his promise well, for I see he is as tenderly devoted to May as ever. He could not love her more if she were his own sister. But they are coming this way. Come, Ettie, and you, too, Ernest, if you wish to speak to them."

The little group vanished, and Rubie rose, intent upon catching a glimpse of the fair May and her brother.

They were standing beneath the chandelier, and as they turned, their features were plainly visible. An exclamation of horror and surprise burst involuntarily from her pale lips, and she clung to the settee for support. For it was Roy who stood there, although slightly changed, a trifle older, with a shade of pallor resting upon the handsome features. At his side, with the gaslight falling upon her golden head, stood a tiny, fairy-like form, clad in an evening dress of pale, fleecy blue. She had a sweet childish face. Rubie knew it well, for every feature was stamped upon her memory, although she had seen it but once; it was but little changed—the same as when she had drawn it from the unsealed letter in Roy's pocket three years ago.

This, then, was the little sister of whom he had so often spoken. Oh, how wickedly, how cruelly, she had wronged him! And in all these years he had been faithful to her—perhaps loved her even yet! But she must tell him all, even though he despised her for it.

She hastily left her hiding-place, and noiselessly entered the door of the conservatory. It was deserted by all except Mrs. Arnold's little daughter, who was gathering flowers.

"Jessie," she said, taking the child's hand in hers, "do you know the gentleman and pretty lady in blue who were talking to Mrs. Romaine a few moments ago? You see them now, do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the little one, smiling; "that is Mr. Wentworth and his sister."

"Will you tell Mr. Wentworth that somebody is waiting in the conservatory who wishes to speak to him? Can you remember, Jessie?"

"Oh, yes!" Then, raising her large brown eyes to Rubie's face, she said, "Are you ill, Miss Clifton? Shall I call mamma?"

"No, darling; run away now, and do not forget what I have told you."

Then Rubie crossed the room, and stood with her face turned from the door. She was nervous and excited, and was inwardly trying to calm herself. Only a few moments more, and then came the sound of footsteps, and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Excuse me; I was told that some one wished to speak to me."

Pale and trembling, Rubie turned and stood before the man she loved and had wronged. Roy started violently, and sprang towards her with open arms.

"Rubie! At last I have found you!"

He would have embraced her, but she stepped aside.

"Do not speak to me, do not touch me, until you have heard what I have to say."

"Then why did you send for me? Oh, Rubie! you might have spared me this."

"Roy, I have wronged you cruelly; I owe you an explanation."

Then, with quivering lips and downcast eyes, she told him all.

Roy had not interrupted her, and she could not, dared not, meet that cold, hard look which she felt was on his face; and without lifting her eyes from the floor she added, with faltering voice, "Forget and forgive me if you can. Good-by!"

But two strong arms were clasped about her. "Poor little darling! You have suffered, too. Yes, I forgive you fully, freely, on one condition. No, Rubie, I have waited so long for this that I cannot let you go now. I must have your answer first."

"If I can," she murmured.

"You can. It is not very hard; only that you look up and tell me that you love me still, and will be my wife very soon."

Rubie flushed crimson.

The kind, loving tones, so different from the bitter reproach which she had expected, thrilled her, filled her with joy.

"Oh, Roy! do you want—do you care for me yet?"

The soft, dark eyes were moist as she raised them to her lover's face; and Roy was answered, for he stooped and kissed the sweet lips, saying, "You are mine, now, for ever! Poor little sister! She has been the innocent cause of all our trouble. Strange I did not mention that she was my half sister; but I was but three years of age when my mother married Mr. Lee—four when Mabel was born. I have never known any father but hers, and she is as dear as a sister could be."

"Is her name May or Mabel?" asked Rubie.

"It is Mabel, but her schoolmates call her May, and we have all become quite familiar with the name. Wait here a few moments and I will bring her to you."

He was gone; but soon returned with the young lady leaning upon his arm.

"Rubie, this is my sister, Miss Clifton, May."

Mabel bowed her pretty head with girlish grace; but an anxious, doubtful look clouded the bright face as she threw a quick glance at her brother.

Roy saw and understood it, for he took the white hand which was resting upon his arm, and, placing it in Rubie's, said, "I wish you to love her dearly, May, for she has promised to be your sister very soon."

The bright, joyous look returned; and with childish glee she threw both soft, white arms about Rubie's neck, and kissed her cheek, exclaiming, "Then it is all right! Oh, Roy, I am so glad!"



And there Aunt Marian found them; while Mabel laughingly declared that they were the three happiest people in the world. Rubie's mistake had its compensation at last.

#### SUMMER LIFE AT SARATOGA.

HOW THE RAILWAY MAGNATES MANIPULATE THE STOCK MARKET.—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND A GARDEN PARTY.

NEVER was Saratoga so crowded, so gay, and so brilliant. Never did fairer women or braver men throng its boulevards, its piazzas, its walks. Never did the genius of Monsieur Worth appear in "bigger blaze." Never were there so many fierce flirtations or genuine heart exchanges. Never were the souls of anxious mammae more intensely gratified. Never was *paterfamilias* so importuned for the all important parental assent. Never were millionaires so plentiful, or magnates thick as the autumn leaves that strew the brooks of far-famed Valambrosa. There is but one Saratoga. It is unique. It is special. It reigns absolutely. It glitters, sparkles, flashes. Nothing can be more brilliant than its main street in the beginning of the month of August, wide as the Boulevard Malesherbes or Haussmann, and lined on either side by stately elms that shade its palatial hotels, while its stores, thronged by the *crème de la crème* of superbly gotten-up femininity, are about as *piquante* as they are persuasive.

The piazzas are crowded with the most animated and best-dressed people in the world. Five o'clock, and the roadway is impassable for equipages that would hold their own in Rotten Row or the Bois de Boulogne, drawn up in the shady side of the street, and all en route to the lake that lies like a mirror laid on a bed of thick, soft verdant moss. Overhead is an Italian sky, blue as a sapphire, while a golden tropical sunshine falls around, rendering the shadows all the deeper by its dazzling contrasts of light. Everything is bright, animated, coquettish. As *chic* as Paris in April, as luxurious as London in the height of the season. Everywhere one hears English and sees the Anglo-Saxon type of countenance; but how utterly un-English is the scene! All the heaviness, the stiffness, the loud taste of the mother-race has evaporated in the champagne-like atmosphere of what a Boston poet has well called "Our Daughtersland." Everybody and everything somehow or other looks Parisian—only looks, however, for the close observer will soon note the Anglo-Saxon reserve.

In one corner of the piazza of the United States Hotel a knot of lux-eyed gentlemen daily congregate. They seat themselves on rude wooden chairs, speak in that low tone dramatists relegate to conspirators; ever and anon consult telegraphic slips or pocket-memoranda, whiffing the while cigars that would have made the mouth of that arch scamp, the ex-Khédive, water from envy. This El Dorado is known as "Vanderbilt's Corner," and in the centre of the railroad magnates sits their monarch, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, a word from whose lips makes or mars millions. *Apropos* of the value of Mr. Vanderbilt's golden words, a bit of sharp practice, such as would have delighted the hearts of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, of Pickwickian memory, took place recently, the "cute one" being a well-known stock-operator. One morning during the past week the sovereigns of the railroad world met as usual to hold council and to discuss the propriety of relieving poor embarrassed Europe through the medium of express-trains and grain-elevators. The stock-operator, apparently by accident, planted his chair close to that of Mr. Vanderbilt's but as he immediately buried himself in the folds of his newspaper, no further notice was taken of him. It so happened that the august ones were deciding the propriety of the Lake Shore's acquiring the control of the Canada Southern, and the moment that their chief, Mr. Vanderbilt, announced his decision in favor of the arrangement, the stock-operator, still buried in his paper, shuffled hastily away. Whither? To the telegraph-office, and a message instantly flashed to his partner in Wall Street securely "nobbled" several thousands of dollars. Those railroad magnates meet daily at Vanderbilt's Corner, and during "a long hour by Shrewsbury's clock" the great game is as quietly played as a rubber at whist, the stakes being only millions.

A suggestion contained in an article in this journal of last season that the electric light should be used for a Saratoga fête has been adopted with supreme success. The magnificent quadrangle of the Grand Union Hotel has been laid down with a floor worthy of the Mi-Careme ball at the Grand Opéra. The trees are festooned with Chinese lanterns, and above all, like an opal star, shines the electric light shedding the "white radiance of eternity" on the hundreds of guests who nightly float to the dreamy strains of Strauss, or who "foot it" to the mad, merry music of "H. M. S. Pinafore." The *coup d'œil* is fairy-like. The soft, yet fierce, yet unknown light, the colors now gleaming white beneath its rays, now toning into those half tints such as artists rave madly over; the tender green of the gentle foliage and the snowy background of the hotel, with its windows containing living bouquets, is one of those all-satisfying sights such as is recognized only in dreamland. How coquettishly fair wives, widows and maids as yet untouched by wrinkle or crow's foot, seek the whitening touches of the electric light; how cautiously and carefully alone of a certain age avoid its searching rays. *Ay de mi, Alama!* Nor is this dancing floor exclusively confined to these Arabian Nights Entertainment. It has a double debt to pay, for during the earlier portion of the evening it is occupied by exquisitely dressed children—the little girls "symphonies" in lace, the little boys copies of Reynolds's and Gainsborough's pages, who dance and frisk, and romp, and make merry, their ringing silver laughter pealing sweeter than the music. So attractive have the electric-light fêtes proved, that the Grand Union has been obliged to close its doors against all comers save its own guests, and their name is legion. Saratoga has been at its best this season, and so have Long Branch and Newport. With the revival of good spirits, and of the glories of the past, may we not hopefully look forward to a healthful resurrection of the business of the country which has now taken a slumber too long?

#### THE LATE NELLIE GRANT-SARTORIS.

THE cable announces the death, on August 15th, of Mrs. Ellen Wrenshall Sartoris, daughter of ex-President Grant. The announcement will be received with widespread regret. It is only five years ago, in May, 1874, that her marriage at the White House engaged the attention and the kindly sympathy of the whole country. She was the eldest daughter of President Grant and married Mr. Algeron Charles Frederick Sartoris, only son of Mr. Edward Sartoris, of England, and the heir to a con-

siderable estate. Her acquaintance with Mr. Sartoris was formed during her return from Europe, eighteen months before her marriage, on board the steamship *Russia*. The marriage-certificate bore the names, as witnesses, of the American Secretary of State and of the British Minister. Presents were sent her by distinguished citizens of all parties. Congress adjourned in honor of the event, and among the guests were nearly all the distinguished persons who were then at the seat of Government. On the following day the bride and groom—escorted by the President of the United States in his happier quality as a parent as far as Sandy Hook—departed in the steamer *Baltic* for Europe. During her girlhood "Nellie Grant" had become a popular favorite, and she carried with her to her English home the affection and esteem of all with whom she had been brought into acquaintance. Her death, at the age of twenty-four years, will not only cast a shadow on the households of her immediate relatives, but will touch with a sense of personal loss thousands here and abroad who have followed her career with deep and abiding interest.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Khedival Changes in Egypt.

In consequence of the protest of England and France against the return of the ex-Khédive to Egypt, he has relinquished his intention of going back, and is engaged in negotiations for the purchase of the well-known and charming Villa Gallo at Capo di Monte. It was sold by the family of the Duke of Gallo to Queen Isabella, the mother of Ferdinand II.; and on her death she left it to her second husband, Count del Balzo. It is a large and beautiful house, commanding noble views. The baram which accompanied the ex-Khédive into exile consisted, besides the three princesses (the mother of Prince Tewfik remaining behind), of sixty women altogether, including twenty female slaves. It took sixty of the vice-regal carriages to convey the party from the palace of Abdine to the railway station, and ten men-of-war's boats to embark the fair travelers at Alexandria. The harem luggage formed a small pyramid, completely filling a lighter of 150 tons burden, and occupied over two hours in shipment. The above, however, was but a small portion of the female belongings of the late Khédive, over 600 of whom remain behind in Cairo, and are maintained by the present Viceroy at a cost for feeding alone of \$15,000 a month. Our illustrations represent the ex-Viceroy in the act of taking leave of his family and advisors in the Abdine Palace, which ceremony we have already described, and his adieu on the railroad carriage at Cairo.

##### The Zulu War.

The remarkable valor, and also the semi-European discipline, of the Zulu troops, have tended in some respects to shorten the war. If the Zulus had resembled most of the other South African tribes they would have warily kept in the bush, and rarely showed themselves in the open. In this way they would have avoided the terrible slaughter which has on several occasions been inflicted on them by the British superiority of armament when brought to close quarters. Instead of this, the valiant savages, with the most utter disregard of their personal safety, boldly charged solid squares of English troops armed with weapons of precision. Such foes, even when only armed with assegais, are assuredly not to be despised; and, as Mr. Archibald Forbes observes, "apprehension was unquestionably felt lest the sudden confront of the men with the fierce Zulu rush should shake their nerves; but the British soldier was true to his many traditions when he found himself in the open and saw the enemy face to face in the daylight. Lads of new regiments, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, were as cool as the seasoned veterans." The sketch from the *Lower Tugela* shows John Dunn (the well-known "white Zulu," whose experience and advice since the war began have been of great service to the British troops) in the act of interrogating a prisoner. The prisoner is bound with a rope round his neck, each end being held by a volunteer. They ride with the prisoner between them, which is the recognized method, the Zulus being very slippery customers. At Estcourt, in Natal, on his way from Maritzburg to the frontier, the artist stopped at a farmhouse which was converted into an inn, and there he saw three or four native servants employed in making bread for the Seventeenth Lancers, who were expected next day. The farmer's wife and children, with an Indian coolie girl nursing the baby, were looking on at the work of kneading the dough in large tubs. An officer stood by, whip in hand, but not with any intention of compelling the natives to industry by an application of the lash.

##### The War in South America.

The Peruvians appear disposed to take the initiative in the struggle now going on, once having satisfied themselves of the greater speed of their new ships, insignificant in numbers and strength as compared with their enemies. The last raid of the *Huascar*, increased the Chilean Admiral, and, unable to catch his antagonist, he returned to Iquique. It is said that he bombarded that city for half an hour or so on the evening of July 16th. Less than fifty projectiles were thrown into the city, and the centres of the population, even the castles of the Peruvian forces, were untouched. The moment that the news of the affair at Iquique reached the ears of Presidents Prado and Daza at Arica, orders were given to the *Huascar*, *Union* and *Pilcomayo* to go south and retaliate as far as possible on the undefended ports of Chili. This they did. They are said to have encountered no resistance whatever. Peruvian official telegrams further state that they captured the splendid Chilean transport *Rimac*. The loss to Chili will be over \$1,000,000. After the engagement between the *Huascar* and the Peruvian ram *Huascar*, on July 10th, the Chilean ironclad *Cochrane* went to Pisagua, designing to land her forces and destroy the property of the foreign merchants there. Unknown, however, to the commander, a strong battalion of infantry had taken possession of the fort, and the troops kept up such a vigorous fire on the small boats that the attempt to land was abandoned and the *Cochrane* withdrew.

##### Proposed New British Polar Expedition.

An influential Central Committee has been formed, to which forty-nine Provincial Committees are affiliated, for the purpose of organizing an expedition to the North Pole on the plan recommended by Commander Cheyne, R. N., who is strongly of opinion that balloons will form an important element in all future Arctic explorations. Our illustration depicts the three balloons as ready to start from the winter quarters of the ship during the first week in June next, their destination being the North Pole. The balloons are named *Enterprise*, *Resolute*, and *Discovery*; each will be capable of lifting a ton in weight, the three carrying a sledge party intact, with stores and provisions for fifty-one days. The ascent will be made on the curve of a roughly ascertained wind circle, a continuation of which curve will carry them to the Pole, but should the said curve deflect, then the required current of air can again be struck by rising to the requisite altitude, as proved by experiments that different currents of air exist according to altitude; this fact Commander Cheyne himself observed when, in charge of the Government balloons in his last expedition, he sent up four at the same moment to different altitudes, being differently weighted; they took four different directions to the four quarters of the compass, giving him his first

practical idea of ballooning in the Arctic regions. Lord Derby has subscribed \$500 to the fund, to enable Commander Cheyne to carry out his scheme.

#### SIGNIFICANT STRAWS.

An estimate by counties of the wheat crop of Indiana gives the grand total of 55,000,000 bushels.

CLEVELAND reports ore and pig-iron in great demand and sold for months ahead, and that rolling mills are obliged to refuse orders.

The number of immigrants that arrived at New York during the year ending July 31st, 1879, was 103,245; the previous year, 74,139.

Persons who have recently visited some of the Ohio Valley States report that they are thronged with persons buying wheat on foreign orders.

From Nebraska come the good news: "The corn crop will be immense. The sight of our corn-fields would drive an Eastern farmer crazy with envy."

The Texas papers are filled with notices of large receipts of new cotton, and that planters are joyous at the promise of a full crop, not having as yet been troubled by worms, etc.

The paper trade in Western Massachusetts is much more active than last Summer. Fewer mills are shut down than for several years, and the prospect for the Fall trade is much better than it was last year.

A NEW YORK commercial authority says: "Our export of cotton goods so far in 1879, amounts to 90,622 packages, worth \$5,454,434, which is the greatest quantity and value on record for the same period of any year."

The West Wisconsin wheat harvest is nearly completed. The yield of Spring wheat has been fully equal to the average, while the Winter wheat has far surpassed the most sanguine hopes, both as to quality and quantity.

The extensive rolling-mills at Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., which have been idle for the past eight years, are to begin work at once with a single contract for 10,000 tons of railroad iron for a Boston party, the rails to be delivered at Kansas City at \$40 per ton at the mills.

In the Northwest, in Minnesota particularly, farmers are put to great straits to obtain men to work in the harvest fields at from \$2 to \$3 a day. The crops are larger than were ever known, and men to harvest them are so scarce they can almost command their own prices for labor, and \$2 is the minimum.

IRONTOWN, Ohio, is at present the seat of financial healthfulness and industrial activity, and prosperity is again beginning to smile upon it. The furnaces, mills and foundries are worked to their utmost capacity, night and day, and are still unable to meet their orders. One after another the furnaces that have stood silent for years have "blown in."

REMOVALS from all the portions of North New Jersey indicate a most pronounced revival in the iron trade. Mines, furnaces and forges, which have been idle since the panic of 1873, are being reopened and work pushed, the forces being kept on in many of them night and day. New mines are being opened and new furnaces built, notably at Chester and Port Oran.

A CHICAGO authority says: "Everything looks highly encouraging for a prosperous Fall trade in lumber, general merchandise, cattle, hogs, provisions, drygoods, groceries, boots and shoes, and, in short, in all lines of commerce, not even excepting lake freights, which have been in a healthier condition this season than had been anticipated, owing in part to the revival of the iron trade calling for increased shipments of iron ore."

"THERE has been a heavier wheat export business this year from the port of Philadelphia than ever before," says Collector of Customs Tutton. "To be more explicit, and as a fair sample of the tonnage sent abroad," he continues, "there were exported from this port during the month of July, 1878, 265,790 bushels of wheat; for the same month, 1879, the amount had increased to 1,064,549 bushels, or more than four times as much as during the previous year."

The receipts of sugar at the principal ports in the United States denote thus far a considerable advance. In 1878 the receipts at the New York Custom House alone amounted to 550,000 tons, representing a value of about \$47,327,547, and customs duty to the amount of \$24,652,106.29. For the six months ending June, 1879, the receipts aggregated 671,762,653 pounds, valued at \$25,007,706. For the corresponding period last year the receipts were 501,997,541 pounds, at a value of \$22,246,618.

The managers of the Abbott Rail Mill at Baltimore are considering the advisability of starting the mill on full time, in anticipation of a demand for rails. The mills comprise in all six, there being three for the manufacture of plate-iron—that is, iron used in the construction of boilers, tanks, cars, stulls and iron-clad ships; two puddle-mills, for the heating of iron and all necessary preliminary work, and one rail-mill, for the construction, chiefly, of railroad rails. All are now in operation but the rail-mill.

THE great manufacturing establishments in the East are running full-handed and on full time. In Lowell the mills are all running, and the Hamilton Company, at that point, is adding new print works that will give employment to several hundred more persons; North Adams is reported as shipping prints to Cuba, Genoa and Naples. The Woolen Mills at Millbury, Mass., have been running over time for three months. In Maine the reports are that factories are crowded and running extra hours. At Manchester, N. H., all the mills are running full-handed and on full time, and a new mill, larger than any now there, is being erected the present season.

HON. ABRAM S. HEWITT says: "The revival of the iron trade is the legitimate result of the revival of business generally. Every iron works that kept at work during the period of depression is now overrun with orders, is working at its full capacity and unable to fill its orders. Others that had to stop operations are now going to work again. There is no doubt that we are beginning an era of healthful prosperity. Nothing can check it. We are the granary for the world. Our crop this year is enormous. Industries thrive. Last year we put down over 3,000 miles of railroad; this year it will be 4,000. Under the most improved plans iron can be made as low as \$13 a ton. The profit of \$4 a ton is not great, but it is remunerative, and so the outlook is encouraging."

THE quarterly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, just published, which embodies the official returns of the Township Assessors for the year ending March 31st last, states that the area in Winter wheat aggregates 1,297,500 acres, an increase of 223,000 acres over 1878, and an increase of over 100 per cent. for the last three years. The area in Spring wheat is over 412,000 acres. The area in corn is 2,925,000 acres, an increase of 590,000 acres over 1878, and an increase of 60 per cent. during the last three years. The area in oats is 574,000 acres. The total area in all farm products aggregates 7,757,000 acres, an increase during the past year of 1,280,000 acres. Winter wheat is unusually fine. Corn promises the largest yield ever known in the State.

THE iron industry in Allentown and vicinity has a brighter outlook now than at any time since 1873.

Seven out of the nine furnace-stacks in the city are now in operation, and the indications point to a long continuance of work. The Lehigh Iron Company has two stacks in operation, the Allentown Iron Company three, and the Allentown Rolling Mill Company two. The merchant and the rail-mills of the latter company are running to their full capacity, and in the puddle-mill eleven of the furnaces are working. The largest furnace of the Reading Iron Works, which went out of blast four years ago, was blown in August 12th. This company is now building a new tube-mill, which, when finished, will give employment to 200 additional hands. The large iron establishments at Cataqua and Hokenauqua are in full operation.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE French water-color exhibition is to be reopened in November.

—THE sculptural decorations of the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, will cost 1,191,500 francs.

—THE official census returns of Kansas are all in. They show that the population on the 1st of March last was 849,978.

—THE Church of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill, London, celebrated its seventeenth centennial August 3d. It is believed to have been founded in the year 179.

—THE total value of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards issued during the past fiscal year was \$29,530,020, an increase of \$671,866 over the year previous.

—DANISH newspapers state that a terrific thunder-storm occurred in that kingdom on the 4th inst. Over 100 farmhouses were destroyed, and fifty persons were killed. The damage to the crops is incalculable.

—THE American Institute will hold their usual annual exhibition this year, commencing September 17th. A large number of applications have been made for space. Intending exhibitors should address the General Superintendent, New York City.

—THE sessions of the International Code Congress were opened at London on August 11th. The Lord Mayor cordially welcomed the delegates. Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, the distinguished writer on international law, delivered the inaugural address.

—THE Iowa State Board of Equalization reports that there are 34,570,638 acres of land in that State, of an average value of \$7.11 per acre. The total equalized value of lands and lots is \$303,715,046; of personally, \$102,048,535. Grand total, \$405,763,581.

—A TELEGRAM from Para, Brazil, dated on the 21st of July, states that 14,000 distressed inhabitants of Para had revolted in consequence of the stoppage of supplies for their relief. There was much alarm in Para, as it was feared the town might be sacked. The militia had been called out.

—THE authorities of Odessa have decided that the new treasury buildings about to be erected there shall be supported upon pillars, so that the guards may be able to keep their eyes upon every part of them. This project was suggested by the late great robbery at Kherson, performed by undermining.

—A SUBMARINE cable in the Caspian Sea is the latest news over which Russia is jubilant, for it is the first submarine cable brought into the Czar's country. The cable was made in England, and is to be put in place by a Dane; it is 147 marine miles in length and 2,000,000 pounds in weight, and cost \$310,000.

—ONE-THIRD of all the emigrants from Italy go to France. The average emigration for the past three years has been 101,000, and the average number going to France has been 34,000. There are 14,000 Italian emigrants to South America, where there are 1,500 to this country. The total number of Italian emigrants is yearly diminishing.

—It is estimated that there are now over 5,000,000 sheep in Texas—more than there are in any other State in the Union, excepting California, which has about 8,000,000, Ohio ranking third in the list, with about 4,500,000. Last year over 11,000,000 pounds of wool were shipped out of the State, besides large quantities that were manufactured into yarns and cloth by the woolen mills in the State.

—A NEW regulation has been adopted at Monte Carlo to prevent people from gambling till they have not the wherewithal to pay their bills and get away. For the future, it is stated, none will be admitted to try their fortune in the gaming-rooms without having first deposited in the hands of the saloon authorities 500 francs, which sum they will under no circumstances be permitted to stake.

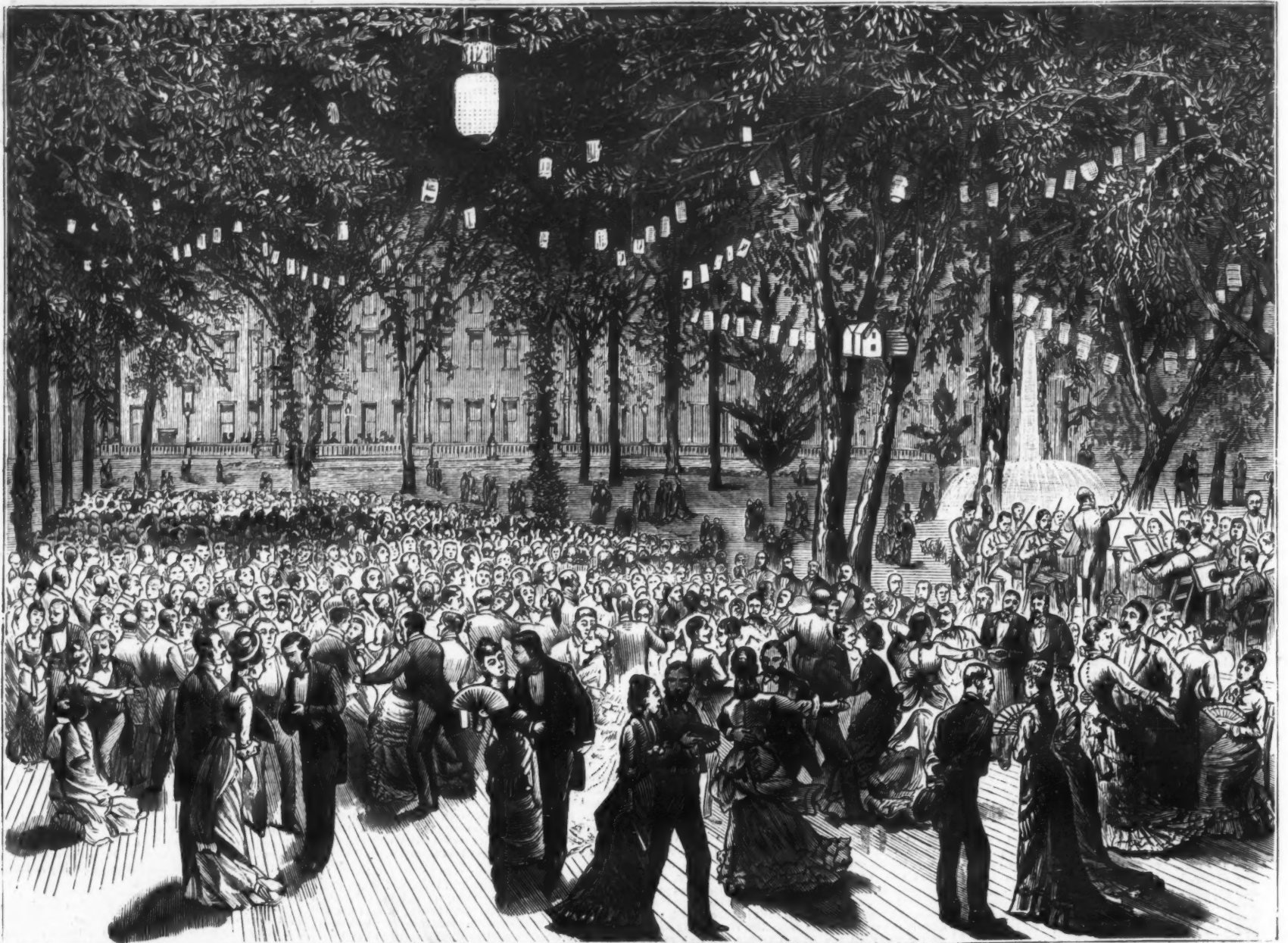
—THE Municipal Council of Paris has just caused a commemorative plate to be placed on the house No. 151 in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, bearing the following inscription: "In this place, on the 3d of December, 1851, the Representative Baudin was killed while defending the rights of the Nation." The site of the hall where successively at the Constituent Assembly of the National Convention in 1793-94 has been marked by a column with an inscription.

—THE records of the Pension Bureau show a curious fact in reference to pensions not easily explained. Kentucky furnished the Union army 79,025 white soldiers during the war. There are now on the pension rolls 2,106 invalids in Kentucky, or an average of one to every thirty-two soldiers sent to the field. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont furnished 144,005 soldiers to the army, and now have 8,850 invalids on the pension rolls, or an average of one to every sixteen, just double the ratio in Kentucky.

—THERE are in Great Britain eight societies laboring for the conversion of the Jews, and on the continent of Europe a dozen more. These societies have incomes amounting altogether to about \$500,000, and employ now, probably, about 250 agents, Christian and Christianized Jews. The oldest and most prominent British society is the London Society for the Propagation of Christianity among the Jews, which occupies thirty-four stations, embracing the principal Jewish centres in Europe and all around the Mediterranean Sea, and in Abyssinia employs thirty-six agents, and enjoys an income of about \$200,000.

—ACCORDING to the military contributor of the *Cologne Gazette*, the dry-docks at Kiel are now in full working order, and the floating docks have been removed from that town to Swinemünde, while a second floating dock is to be ready at Danzig during the present year. This will complete the shipbuilding establishments whose construction was ordered by the German Admiralty. There are now at Wilhelmshaven three dry-docks, and at Kiel four, any two of which can hold the largest ironclads in the navy. At Danzig the necessary arrangements have been made for repairing ships of from 5,000 to 6,000 tons burden, and twelve ships of war can be repaired in the Government yard at the same time, while ten years ago there was not a single establishment in Germany, public or private where large wooden ships or ironclads could be repaired.





THE GARDEN PARTY ON THE LAWN OF THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, AUGUST 5TH.

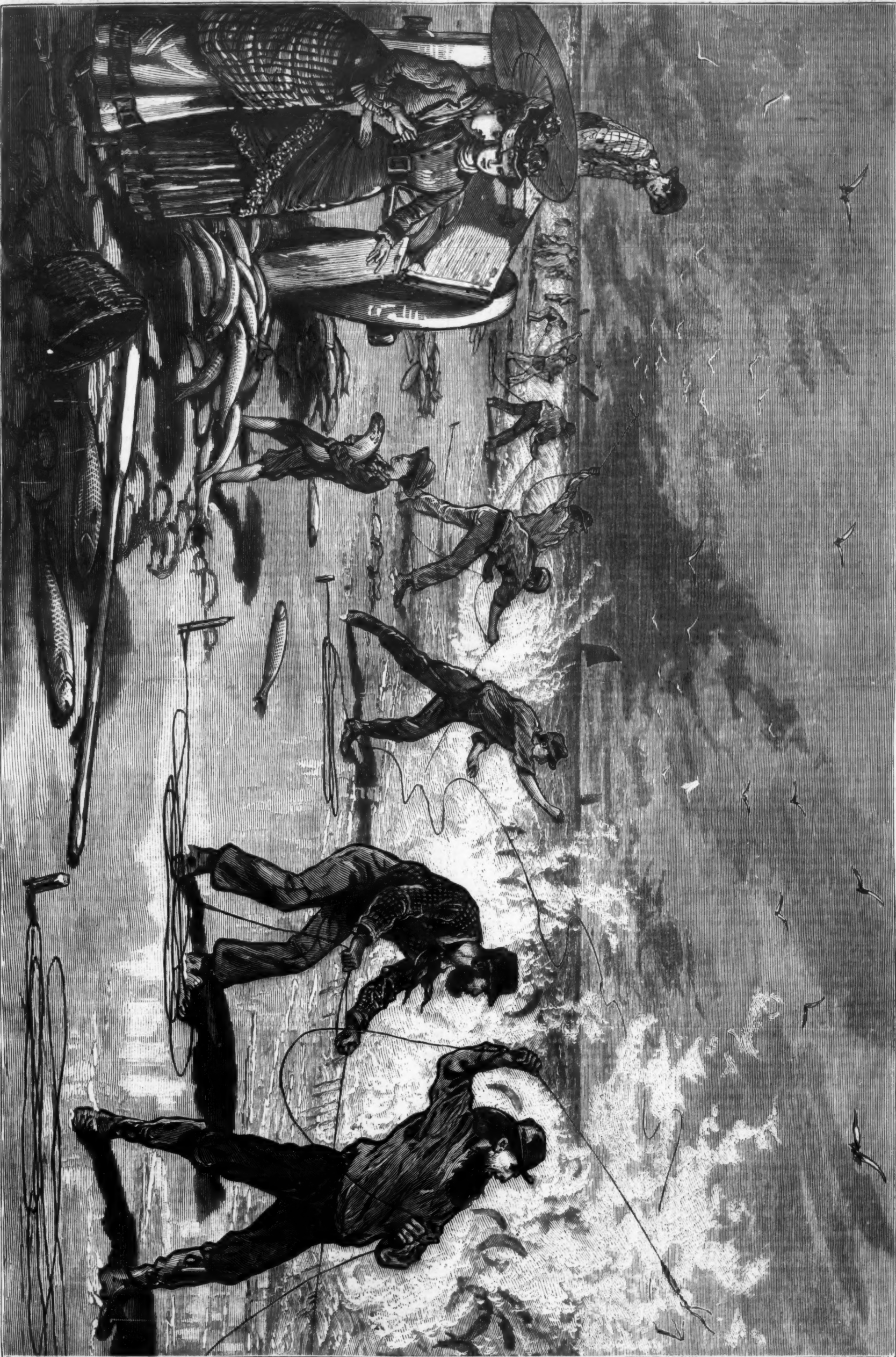


FOURISTS EXAMINING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.



LADIES MAKING AN AFTERNOON TOUR OF THE STORES ON BROADWAY.





MASSACHUSETTS.—ATTRactions OF THE SUMMER SEASON AT NANTUCKET.—CATCHING BLUE-FISH FROM SYMONSET BEACH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 430.



## IN ALL LABOR THERE IS PROFIT.

WE tread the grapes, but shall not drink the wine. All through the hazy hours of Autumn heat the red juice foams around our weary feet. Our garments blush with many a purple sign; But not for us, who trained the m-are vine To fruitful strength, this vintage shall be sweet; We shall not join the banqueters who meet When these rich drops through glowing crystal shine. Not for our lips the draught our hands prepare; But when slow time has ripened it, and when Its mellow warmth makes glad the hearts of men, May we, the husbandmen, in spirit share The feasters' joys, which we with painful care Laid up for them in years before their ken.

## FROM ALTAR TO HALTER.

## CHAPTER I.

DO I believe in capital punishment—in death-dooming? No, my lad, no! Once I did, for soldiering had hardened me, and made me familiar with death in its awfullest and horriest forms. Once I would have taken the law into my own hands and shot to the heart any man whom I believed guilty of certain crimes—of murder, for instance, or seduction—rather than the villain should escape, and I could have turned away with a lightened heart.

Why am I changed? Well, I am older than I was, and I have seen sufficient to force conviction, even on a rugged mind like mine, on this question. A man cannot see his own brother—his own flesh—one who could love a woman with more than woman's love, tried, convicted, sentenced to death, without deciding in his own mind whether the human judgment, aided by all law and all evidence obtainable or conceivable, is—! No, my lad, I can't get up words to express what I mean; but I don't believe in it—I don't believe in it!

Was Uncle Ben innocent? Of course he was—innocent as you are now.

Tell you the whole story? Very well, but I bespeak patience and forbearance, for I never can stick close to it; I am apt to get off the metals and run foul.

Ben was three years older than I, and whilst I was enjoying a bit of laziness, soldiering in peace, Ben was learning to mix physic and laying siege to Ada Carmeen's heart. He lived in the North of England. I was stationed in Knightsbridge at that time.

Silly lad! he'd better have followed the black sheep of our family (for that's what I was) and joined the Forty-third, than wasted powder and shot in the way he did.

What ailed the girl? Nothing. She was of the woman-kind, I suppose, that's all.

Well, if I were to say he bombarded, stormed, shelled, or the like of that, I should do Ben a seeming injustice, for he wasn't capable of tying thread to the tail of a mouse—but he laid siege, Ada put up the white rag, and he marched in.

I tell you she was a very nice girl, Ada was, but proud; and being naturally a bit jealous herself, she did not hesitate to teach Ben a little. She had material enough to work at, I assure you, for Ben wasn't the only lad who loved her. She was one of those misses who could keep two or three lovers—not at a distance merely, but (what required more generalship) at a certain nearness.

See what I mean? You may learn one of these dog days!

But Ben was not easily piqued. Ada had promised him her hand and her heart—both very wee things, but inestimably valuable to Ben—and that was enough for him. She must have played the deuce before a doubt or fear of her would have crossed his mind.

On the day before the wedding Ada was a bit pouty—whimpered a bit—and says she: "You're a trifle jealous, ain't you, Ben?"

"Not a bit," answered Ben, probably with some accompaniment. "Not a bit," says he.

"Why should I be, my—?" etcetera.

"Oh, no, no! I don't see why you should. Indeed, I am sure you needn't. But I was afraid my recent conduct towards—that is, I thought—you know, I did not really care for Mr. Timms?"

"Sure, sure, my wife," says Ben, simply enough. "Don't think of it—don't name it; I ain't jealous."

Clearly he was a fool.

I am a rough old soldier, and can't frame elegant love-language, but I can understand that what the girl wanted that night was an opportunity to say a few things with which probably her heart was bursting. She wanted to tell Ben—no doubt with a spice of flattery, but none the less with truth—that she realized the full import of the step she was to take on the morrow, that she was not unmindful of what would be her duty, and that he never need be jealous of her—in other words, to assure him that Ada Bowden would be as womanly and wisely as Ada Carmeen had been coquettish.

But Ben had no head for finesse; Ada was equal to a dozen of him for that. In his very soul he thought that girl the best and loveliest on God's little footstool, and he pitied the poor fellow Timms, who, like himself, had loved Ada passionately, and had hoped to win her, till within a month or so—if, indeed, he had yet relinquished all hope, or would relinquish it, till she and Ben were really hitched together.

Talk of my brother Ben murdering that man—a man for whom he had some sympathy and regard!—talk of Ben offering him poison as a sweet morsel, and smiling the while—my brother do that? A man may smile and smile and be a villain, I won't deny that, but not Ben. He was as harmless as this canary, all his life long.

They were married, Ben and Ada, and went down to Scarbro, on the Yorkshire coast, to enjoy their—sea air.

The honeymoon would be waning, I should think, but I don't know; I ought simply to say they had been married some weeks when, one morning, who should they meet on the sands but Harry Timms!

Well, I presume the little wife blushed and bowed and so on, as is the stereotyped custom in such embarrassing circumstances, according to the novels; I presume she did. Ben did just what you would expect of him. He refused to believe that Timms would be obliged to return home that day, and insisted on having his company at dinner.

Timms did remain. He tried to appear perfectly at ease, and to converse with Mrs. Bowden as if she had never been Miss Carmeen, and with Ben as if he had been Mrs. Bowden's husband for ages. Ben's part would cost no effort to perform, for envy and jealousy, as I have shown you, were perfectly foreign to his nature.

They passed a pleasant evening at the Castle Hotel, and when Ada retired for the night, she left Ben and Timms in the best of humor, with bottles, glasses and cigars.

## CHAPTER II.

AT two in the morning Ada woke up, and found herself alone.

The mere fact of her being alone at such an hour, and in a strange house, was sufficient to unnerve her; but she had been dreaming—what she could not just now recall to memory—and an inexpressible feeling of dread stole over her.

She was a woman, remember, of delicate, finely-wrought nature, though by no means devoid of spirit.

What should she do? The dream troubled her, not that she even yet recalled it, but she could recollect that it was a distressing one, that made her shudder and woke her up. She shuddered yet, and her teeth chattered, and the rustling of her clothes as she drew them on, the ticking of her watch, the tramp of the policeman in the street below, and the thumping of her heart—all spurred her wild fancy till she could bear no more. She crept into bed again, and covered herself over, but only for a moment. Up again, looking fearfully about, with eyes almost clear of their sockets, with nimble, silent tread she opened the door and passed out. Along the landing, down the stairs—still with the same fearful tread—to the door of the sitting-room.

She knocked timidly at the door and waited. No answer. Again. Still no answer. She opened it.

Two candlesticks stood upon the table, and one of the candles was still burning, the other flickered and went out as she entered the room.

By the poor light of the remaining candle Ada could see her husband lying back in a large easy-chair, fast asleep. She stepped up quietly and awoke him. With a bewildered look he stretched himself, apologized, and inquired the time. Learning that it was early morning, he expressed astonishment, said (with a light laugh) they "had been too jolly," and inquired for Timms, whom, of course, Ada had not seen. Timms must have gone to bed, and left him dozing. But, no; there were the two candlesticks—the two—and Timms would surely not go up and leave his light there. Of course not.

Ben now rose to his feet, and he and his wife looked round.

The three windows were draped from ceiling to floor with curtains of a blood red—crimson, I suppose, it would be called—and the furniture, carpet, tablecloth, and even wall-paper, to match—all crimson. These were things to be noted and remembered from that time, though simple in themselves, and not noticed before.

One of the windows was slightly open, and its long drapery curtains waved and rustled; the untrimmed candle gave a flickering, shadowy light; the long unshapely shadows of husband and wife flitted about with the motion of the candle, and everything wore a weird, unearthly look.

When Ben stepped towards the open window, Ada caught sight of his face in the great pier-glass, and it seemed to her awfully pale and haggard. That, of course, was the result of his sudden awaking, and the effect of the candlelight, together with Ada's shivering, fearful fancy. When she remarked it, Ben only laughed, drew her to him, and kissed her—the best possible way to convince her that he was no ghost, I suppose. Then he turned round and looked at the chairs and the couch, but saw no Timms.

Ugh! What was that?

Ada clutched her husband's arm, and sank down upon the couch with a terrified, half-stifled scream, and the words "My dream!"

Ben stooped to comfort her, wondering what new fancy possessed her. In an instant he turned to the table, took up a glass, rinsed it with water, which he then emptied through the open window; then he poured out some liquid from one of the decanters, and turned to offer it to his fainting wife. As he turned towards her he glanced instinctively at the pier glass, to see if some new apparition were there. Pshaw! there was only his own face, strange-looking, it was true, in the flickering candlelight—nothing more.

At that moment the night-porter opened the door to see what could be the matter. What he saw was afterwards detailed fully and with simple truth.

There, on the couch, lay Ada apparently lifeless. By her side stood her husband, holding to her lips a small glass of wine.

When the door opened Ben raised his eyes, but not being able to clearly discern the porter's face he turned to the table and lifted up the candle. Then he gave a sudden start, uttered some exclamation, and pointed into the corner. What the light had just revealed to him, what the porter now saw, and what Ada had seen before them, was the body of Harry Timms, lying in a strange posture behind the door, with chalk-white face and foam about the mouth.

Ben stooped down and felt the pulse, the

forehead, the heart; looked intently at the pale face, shook his head, looked up at the porter, and said quietly:

"POISON!"

Timms was dead as nails, of course.

Ben took up the still insensible form of his wife and carried her up stairs. When she recovered consciousness and became somewhat tranquilized he would have gone back to the sitting-room, but she begged him not to leave her so soon.

"Poor Harry Timms is dead, dead—I know it," she said.

Ben had not told her the whole truth, but he might as well—he could see that—so he said:

"Yes, Ada, he is."

"Oh, my husband! You were not jealous—did not think unkindly—"

And so on. What possessed the woman then I can't imagine. I never can repeat her words. I always require to discharge a few round oaths when I get to that part of the story.

By this time the house was aroused, and when Ben did at length get down to the sitting-room he could hear his own name being whispered about among the people who were gathered on the landing, talking with scared looks, some already making use of the epithets "suicide" and "murderer."

He found a physician and a police-officer with the landlord and the porter in the room.

Ben had little to say. I can imagine him standing there with white face and distracted look.

The physician muttered the word "suicide"; the landlord nodded concurrence; the police-officer chewed his mustache, eyed Ben closely, and reserved his opinion. Ben, in turn, said something about suddenness and mystery—I believe he mentioned arsenic—and every word and look was noted.

Well, of course, a post-mortem examination was made, and an inquest followed.

That the deceased met his death by poison—by arsenic—was clear. How and by whom had it been administered?

The doctor, the porter and the landlord were examined. Ben and Ada followed, and after them a policeman and a chambermaid.

Ben was questioned and cross-questioned, always with the same result. He had met deceased on the beach, and they and Mrs. Bowden had dined together. After dinner Timms and he chatted and drank and smoked; then called for lights; then smoked, drank and chatted, till Ben seemed to have fallen asleep. (What time was that?) He could not tell at what moment he fell asleep. The last he could remember was that Timms and he were chatting and smoking. Yes, his wife came down (time?) between two and three in the morning and awoke him. They looked for Mr. Timms—Mrs. Bowden fainted—the porter came in. The porter's statement was substantially correct. He had not discovered the body of deceased before the porter came in. It was quite true that he had made the observations attributed to him. He was a medical man himself. He understood poisons, of course. He had not seen any, nor had such a thing been mentioned, on the night in question. He fully concurred in the opinion of Doctor Phillips as to the cause of death. Life had been extinct some time when he discovered the body. He did carry his wife up stairs. After her recovery they did hold some conversation with reference to deceased.

Ada came next.

Did she know deceased? "Yes." Was well acquainted—better acquainted with him than her husband was? "She had known him longer." Deceased was not an ill-natured young man? "No, no!" But rather—a lovable? Ada blushed, but said nothing. Just so; your husband and he were good friends? "Oh, yes; perfectly." Perfectly. And no—a jealousy—nothing of that kind—existed, say, between you three in any way? "No, no!" But such a thing had been spoken of between Mr. Bowden and you, as between all married people? "Possibly, at some—"

Possibly, yes; don't trouble to explain. Was deceased ever mentioned in that connection? "Ye—Oh, let me go!"

She fell back in her seat, sobbing hysterically. Her husband stepped up and spoke to her.

"Ah, Ben," she murmured, audibly, "they would have me swear your life away! Poor, poor Ben!"

All color had fled from both their cheeks. Ben took Ada in his arms, and carried her up to their room. It was no easy matter just then, for the awful truth had not entered his simple mind till Ada cast it there, like a flash of light, and now he was quite unnerved.

The inquest was adjourned shortly after Ben and Ada left the room, and when it was resumed on the next day, a lawyer attended to watch the case on Ben's behalf.

I cannot attempt to describe the state of the unhappy couple's minds, nor the tone of their conversation during that time. There seemed an age to have passed since their wedding-day—a long dark age. It was difficult to realize that what was passing now was not a dream but an awful reality.

The inquest was pushed on; new evidence was adduced. Ben's and Ada's clothing and that of the dead, the liquor, the glasses—all had been examined, and no further trace of poison had been found.

Ada did not enter the coroner's room again.

Ben sat by the side of his lawyer—a very poor prompter, I am afraid. He would seek only truth, and if that were given in evidence—no matter how liable to distortion or in what direction it drifted—he would see in it nothing but the unraveling of a terrible mystery.

A policeman, passing the hotel on his beat, had observed lights in the three-windowed room, and had noticed that one of the windows was open. At some particular moment between eleven at night and four in the morning—

he couldn't put his foot on the exact moment, but it was certainly between the hours named—he seen a tall gentleman, with black whiskers, which he now recognized as Ben, put his hand out of the window, with a middlin' small glass, which had somethin' in it, which, o' course, ran out. He had hurried up in less than no time and turned his bull's eye on the parypet, and seen a spill of liquid. Not much. Could not give it a name, sir. There was rain afore six o'clock. He seen shadders in the said room, and wonst a sort of groan, and a slight shrieking, but could not fix the moment.

The chambermaid was a damsel of several Summers, with a flatness of nose painfully suggestive of keyholes. Her evidence tended to show "that Mrs. Bowden thought uncommon well of the deceased. Such, lestways, 'ad the remarks which Mrs. B. had observed to Mr. B. caused her to conclude. What 'ad the lady said? Well, she could assewer the 'onorable croonier and the junimorn that she allus tried to mind her own patickler jewtles, which was— Very well, she would try to stick to the pint which she had oney got to say was as Mrs. B. said to Mr. B.—as she supposed they did occupy that hinterest' situation, though not long. 'Dear 'usban,' she says, 'my darlin' 'usban, Oorry Timms is dead!' she says. 'Oh, why was you jealous,' she says. 'What did Mr. B. say?' 'Yes,' he answers her back in a voice of lemoncolly. And then Mrs. B. told Mr. B. that it was her dream come trew. 'Which dream?' he arst her, an' she says, 'Do you disremember that I acclaimed in the sittin'-room, Oh, Lord, my dream?' and Mr. B., he says, 'Yes, darlin', and she continues on: (An' the looks of her as she sot there on the edges of the bed, with a white 'and on a white furred, with two rings on it, which one of 'em it 'ad valleyable dymons of all colors in it—for to see that lady sittin' there, it would have pitted ennybody!) Well, she goes on tellin' her dream to Mr. B. in a way which would have melted stones!"

(Here the maid rubbed her liquescent eyes till they were sore, and the result was sufficient for a widowhood. It is difficult to imagine what she shed so much water over.)

"Never had she seen two loviner couple than— Beggin' parden, she was stickin' to the pint, if they would excuse immotions which she could not contrawl. She had seen many 'oneymoons in her short life, but never see a more better conducted or a more loviner— The pint? the dream? Well, the dream was as how she had met an old luvver 'urryin' on afore her, wavin' 'is 'ands this way—an' she follered an' follered till they come along seaside, close to the waves. Then he stops all a suddin', an' she sees it's Mr. Timms, an' then, more suddener still, everythin' changes. They seems to be in a dark room, an' her sat on a couch done up in blood-colored poulsterins, samé as the walls an' everythin'—an' her disgarded luvver he's kneelin' aside of her with a blewhish-white face on same colored carpets, an' he lifts up his hands an' he says 'I luvved you Aider with my hull 'art, but you'll remember me,' an' then he dies. That was Mrs. B.'s dream, an' she said she'd went down stairs an' gone into the sittin'-room where the diseased man was poisoned, an' there he was, an' the gas was not lighted but there was two burnin' candles on the table, one in an' one out."

At this point the loquacious maiden was—snuffed.

But to get on with the story.

The whole of the evidence having been taken, the coroner summed up. After running over a lot of details he came to speak of Ben.

Ben was the only person who could possibly offer any solution of the mystery; he was the only person who had been with deceased during the night; his account was unsatisfactory; his version of the acknowledged fact that he had emptied a glass through the window was rendered questionable by the testimony of the policeman, whose attention had been drawn to the window at eleven o'clock; he had let fall certain expressions with reference to poison; there had been conversations, not to say quarrels, in which the term "jealousy" and the name of deceased had been connected; he was a doctor of medicine and could, of course, easily procure poisons. In short, the coroner pointed Ben out, and the jury nailed him. He was charged with willful murder, and committed on the coroner's warrant.

I believe there were at first no two opinions as to the justice of that step, except that Ben himself, and Ada and I, believed him innocent.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## BLUE-FISHING AT NANTUCKET.

RESUMING our illustrations of Summer life at Nantucket, we give a sketch this week of a scene familiar to all tourists to this delightful resting-place, and at the same time one that will secure the attention of the professional and amateur Izaak Waltons. In the course of a Summer fishing cruise the cost of a single blue-fish to the amateur and average city sportsman will range from three to thirty dollars per pound in actual money for yacht-hire, stores, equipment and ammunitionable necessities, to say nothing of the time spent, the clothes ruined, and the fingers torn. But to the true sportsman who knows his business, and to the men who fish for the profit that the market guarantees, blue-fishing is an excitement, a delight.

The blue-fish is a pelagic or wandering fish, passing its Winters in the South and its Summers in the North. In March and April they are found off the Carolina coast. About the 20th of May they make their appearance off the coast of New Jersey. Barnegat is a favorite ground for them, where set nets have taken as many as 6,000 in a single day. The May fish range from two to twelve pounds in weight, are poor in flesh, and ravenous as sharks. In June they are found equally abundant off and in Fire Island Inlet, and in the few days thereafter are scattered off Montank Point, the east end of Long Island, Shagwauna Reel, and other reefs adja-



cent. By or near the 20th of June, depending something on the forwardness of the season, they have spread themselves over the reefs of New London, and to the eastward, on to Block Island, and thence through Fisher's Island Sound. By the 20th of August they are in plentiful supply all through, inside and outside of Vineyard Sound, Nantucket, etc. They have gained flesh, and become quite palatable. The size here described is seldom found to the westward of the Connecticut River. On the main of Long Island Sound it is quite interesting to see them drive the menhaden, or mousabunkers, in shoals, causing a "sleek" on the water as they spill their oil when they chop them up with their great sharp teeth.

About the middle of July the small creeks and rivers, from Stamford eastward to the Connecticut River, abound in a size weighing about a quarter of a pound, which in a month grow to half a pound, and these feed on a size still smaller, recently spawned, and scarcely an inch and a half in length. About the 1st of September the small fry are sufficiently large to venture into the Sound, and then they swarm in the creeks and harbors, affording great sport to lads, who catch them with a float-line, with shrimp for bait. By the month of October both large and small fish are fattened.

The peculiarity of this fish is that by about the middle of October the large size, that weigh from nine to fourteen pounds, are generally found from Nantucket to Watch Hill, around Block Island and outside of Montauk Point; while from Stamford eastward to New London, on the outer reefs, they are of a uniform size and of about two and a half pounds weight, and those in the harbors and creeks are a mixture of small fish just spawned and a size that weighs from one-eight to one and three-quarter pounds. Another singular feature is that by or about the 12th of October, or the first freezing weather, these fishes, of all sizes up to two and a half pounds, vacate the northern harbors and sounds, and so sudden has been their departure in many seasons that a change of tide has utterly emptied the waters of their teeming fish-life.

More singular still, the great mass of fish, except the newly spawned, take the coast within one or two miles of shore, part of them stopping, if the weather permits, at the inlets of Fire Island, Egg Harbor, Townsend's, Canarsie Bay, Cape May, and so on along shore, using up all the seed therein, and by the month of December they are found in the creeks and rivers of North and South Carolina, where they remain through the winter, to migrate next season to Northern waters.

The professional or business process of catching the fish is capably shown in our illustration, the location being on Syconnet Beach at Nantucket. Long lines, attached to stakes driven into the sand, are thrown out beyond the surf, and at the first nibble are quickly jerked in, when the fish are removed from the hook, the bait reset, and the line again cast. The fish are gathered in wagons, and removed to the wholesale markets, where they are disposed of readily.

The favorite blue-fish ground of New York fishermen is known as the "Sea-bass Banks," a stretch lying in front of Seabright and Long Branch, from five to seven miles from shore. Another is the "Rocky Spot in the Channel," five miles south-southeast from the lighthouse, where man-eating sharks also abound; and a third is the "Rocky Ground," twelve miles southeast of the Highlands.

#### SUMMER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE ascent of the 6,285 feet that lead to the summit of Mt. Washington, the highest point of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, either by rail or carriage, is now so readily made that this windswept, frost-enveloped locality grows more in popular favor every season. By the carriage-road, the distance from the base of the mountain in front of the Glen House to the summit is eight miles; by the wonderful Mt. Washington Railroad, three miles long, and ascending 3,625 feet on a maximum grade of a little over one foot in three, the transit is made in about an hour and a half. The popularity of the region is attested by the crowded condition of the hotels, and the improvements being constantly made in the bridle-paths, carriage-roads, and foot-lanes. It is recommended that all who wish to fully appreciate the spirit of our illustrations remain over at the summit at least one night. The huge stoves in the offices of the hotels will be found most comfortable objects to lounge about, while the tidy chambermaid who knocks at your door late in the evening, and inquires if you need more blankets, will rise in your estimation to the dignity of a veritable good fairy.

From any point at the base of the mountain the writer may start on delightful excursions, the landscape never tiring to the eye, nor the weather becoming particularly disagreeable, if the precaution is taken to provide oneself with warm clothing and rubber coats, capes and boots. The weather is so uncertain among the mountains, and heavy fogs are so prevalent, that it is absolutely necessary to be prepared to defy the elements.

There are five passes through the mountains, picturesquely named "notches," of which the Franconia is, perhaps, the best known. The Pemigewasset River passes through it, and the walls rise to a height of 2,074 feet. The White Mountain Notch, through which the Saco passes, is 1,914 feet deep; the Pinkham, coursed by branches of the Saco and of the Androscoggin, is 2,018; and the Grafton and Dixville, watered by the Androscoggin and one of its tributaries, are of much less height. In the Franconia region "The Flume" and "The Old Man of the Mountain" are objects of particular interest. The mountains are also rich in water-fall scenery, which may be reached without danger or annoyance. At North Conway is the Artist's Fall; on the side of Mount Webster, the Silver Cascade; on a tributary of the Saco, Ripley's Falls, the lower one called the Sylvan Glade Cataract, to distinguish it from the upper; the Falls of the Ammonoosuc; on the Androscoggin, the Berlin Falls; and on one of its tributaries, the Crystal Cascade and the Glen Lila Fall.

#### THE GROWTH OF ARCHERY.

GREAT INAUGURAL MEETING OF ARCHERS AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 12TH, 13TH AND 14TH.

AMONG all the sports and games which are now in vogue in this country, none has become more rapidly popular than that of archery. During the last two years archery clubs have been formed everywhere throughout the United States, until now there is scarcely a city or town without its representative organization of archers. Being one of the few outdoor pastimes that can be enjoyed by both gentlemen and ladies, it well deserves the reception and support it has received from the social classes, and as its real merits become known it will no doubt be adopted as the favorite lawn sport, until young ladies will consider it as much of an accomplishment to be a fine archer as a fine musician, and the

young man pride himself as much on a good hit as a big run at billiards.

In England it has been the custom, with a view of promoting a general interest in archery, to hold annual tournaments, and so popular have these annual meetings become, that now a great many ladies and gentlemen consider it a high honor to compete at them, and immense audiences gather to witness the shooting.

With the hope of establishing a similar meeting in this country, and with a special desire to bring archery to the practical attention of the public, the leading archers of the country, organized in the National Archery Association, determined at their last meeting to hold a grand national archery meeting in August. Chicago was selected as the most appropriate place for such a meeting, and thus, at White Stocking Park, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, the tournament was held. The first day was devoted to shooting by gentlemen at the double York round, and to shooting by ladies for the National Medal—forty-eight arrows at thirty yards.

On the second day, the competition for the National Medals was continued, the ladies shooting forty-eight arrows at forty yards, and the gentlemen seventy-two arrows at one hundred yards. In the afternoon the handicap shoots took place; the ladies' handicap forty-eight arrows at forty yards, and gentlemen, thirty arrows at fifty yards. On the last day the competition for the National Medals was concluded, and in the evening the prizes were awarded. The ladies' championship medal was won by Mrs. Spaulding Brown, of Hastings, Mich., at the double Columbia round. Her grand total was 548. The prize was a National Medal set with a solitaire diamond. Mrs. Bee won the second prize, a Spanish yew bow worth \$100, and Mrs. Klein the third prize. The gentlemen's championship medal was won by William H. Thompson, of Crawfordsville, Ind., at the double York round, by a grand total of 546. H. P. McMehean won second prize, and Mr. Hull third. The team shoot was won by the Wabash Merry Bowmen, of Crawfordsville, by a total of 1,507 at the American round. The prize was \$100. The Highland Park team took the second prize, \$50, and the Deperre (Wis.) team took the third prize, \$30.

The scene on the grounds during the tournament was full of picturesque effects. The targets ranged across the entire field from east to west, ten in number; the neat green protection for the markers; the blackboards with their list of scores; the bow-and-arrow racks, with their finely wrought and costly freight, decked with bright ribbons, and, finally, the groups of ladies and gentlemen, the former prettily dressed and hung about with quivers, many of which were embroidered in beautiful designs, and the latter mostly habited in white flannel—all these formed a most brilliant spectacle. After the shooting began it was a constantly-changing picture, as one after another took position at the score and discharged three arrows. First a statue-like figure would appear, then a graceful one, then a willowy one, and so on, ever new. A correspondent says: "Looking upon the scene, it was easy to understand why archery should take such a strong hold upon the social element. It is not a sport in the sense in which that term is commonly used, but rather more nearly what is expressed by the word pastime—something which affords physical exercise and social interchange at the same time. This archery does, being pre-eminently the outdoor amusement of ladies and gentlemen, as distinguished from sporting and betting characters."

Early in the contest the targets at which the ladies were shooting became the centre of observation; primarily, of course, because they were ladies; secondarily, because the targets were nearer than those of the men, and the effect of the shots could be seen more easily; and for the further reason that the ladies were making more hits. As arrow after arrow punctured the gold or the red the fair archers were greeted with an enthusiastic hand-clapping from the grand stand. Before the first twenty-four arrows each were shot, a sharp rivalry was developed among those who were leading in their scores, and it became somewhat a question of nerve as well as skill. On the gentlemen's side, owing to the impossibility of keeping a close estimate among so many, the outside interest was not so great; but among themselves a keen rivalry was developed. The shooting was done at ten targets, eight of which were used by the gentlemen and two by the ladies, the latter having the middle ones, with the gentlemen on either side.

Our illustration gives a general view of the tournament grounds during the progress of the shooting.

#### Religious Toleration in Poland.

FOR many years past no bull or encyclical of the Pope has been permitted to be published in the Polish provinces of Russia, which are inhabited by Roman Catholics. The alleged ground of prohibition was that among the Polish revolutionists who took up arms against the Russian Government in 1863 were many Catholic priests, and that these priests were encouraged in the revolt by Pius IX. When the Polish insurrection was crushed, the Pope was forbidden direct communication with the Poles. But times and circumstances have now changed, and the Czar himself, with his Government, is endangered. Negotiations were opened some time ago between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Vatican, and the result has been a restoration of the friendly relations between the Czar and the Pope. Now the Catholics of Poland do not need to secure the aid of smugglers, as they had to do in past years.

The privileges of the Vatican were restored upon the condition that the clergy under its control should denounce the projects of the Nihilists, as opposed to the State and to religion. There has lately been published in the *Gazeta Polska*, and republished in the other Polish journals, an epistle of the Archbishop Sotkevitch of Warsaw to the clergy of his diocese, transmitting to each of them a copy of the encyclical of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., dated December 28th, 1878. The Archbishop says that this most worthy and important document should be known not only to the clergy, but also to the faithful laity, who should be informed of its contents, and thus protected from the dangerous influence of pernicious doctrine. Further, the priests are advised to expound from the Holy Scriptures the rights of property, the family question, the proper relations of servants and masters, and the necessity of obedience to the authorities. The publication of the epistle of Archbishop Sotkevitch was greeted by the Russian secular journals as the triumph of religious toleration, and the *Golos* said: "Religious toleration, always and everywhere, is the surest sign of moral development and of political and national growth; and for this reason we welcome the publication of the Papal Encyclical in Russia." But the Russian religious organs regret the new policy of the Czar, who is the head of the Orthodox Church, in granting privileges to the Church of Rome, which is the competitor of Russian orthodoxy. In consequence of their language on this subject, some of the religious journals have lately received official warning.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The "Naturforschende Gesellschaft" of Halle, celebrated the 100th anniversary of its foundation on July 30th.

An ounce of peach kernels contains a grain of prussic acid, which is a fatal quantity. Ammonia is the best antidote.

The death, on July 5th, is announced of Dr. Reiff, of Tübingen, formerly Professor of Philosophy at the University of that city.

Mr. Morris, the well-known botanist in Ceylon, whose endeavors to find a remedy for the disastrous coffee-leaf disease are well known, has established the fact that very favorable results may be obtained from the application by hand of a mixture composed of three parts of lime and one of sulphur.

Great Damage to Agriculture has been done by swarms of grasshoppers in Hungary, in the Szathmar Comitat. An area of some 600 Hungarian "Joch" is entirely devastated. The local authorities have been compelled to apply to Buda-Pesth for military assistance, besides availing themselves of that of the inhabitants of numerous villages in the districts affected by the plague.

Herr Carl Boch, who has now finished his natural history exploration of the western highlands of Sumatra, is about to explore, on behalf of the Dutch Government, the northeastern part of Borneo—the district of Koetal. There is a powerful and friendly Sultan at Koetal, who has been requested by the Dutch Government to give all possible assistance to Herr Boch.

A New Natural History Museum, formerly the private collection of Dr. L. W. Schaufuss, has just been opened to the public at Blasewitz, near Dresden. Dr. Schaufuss has for many years been in close personal relations with the Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Austria, well known by his scientific writings and travels, and the new museum therefore bears the name of its founder's august friend and patron.

Aluminum Salts have long been used as disinfectants, but they are of less universal application than many other substances for the reason that their efficacy is chiefly limited to the fixation of ammonia. In stables and places where ammonia is evolved they are excellent, and the resulting ammoniacal salts will prove valuable in agriculture. The sulphate of aluminum can be recommended to disinfect decomposing organic matter.

The Second International Congress for Commercial Geography will take place at Brussels from September 27th to October 1st next. It will be divided into five sections; the first will consider commercial routes and exploring expeditions, the second natural and artificial products, the third and fourth questions relating to emigration, colonization and instruction, while the fifth section will be devoted to the discussion of general questions.

Imitation Meerschaum Pipes are now manufactured from potatoes in France. A peeled potato is placed in sulphuric acid and water, in the proportion of eight parts of the former to one hundred of the latter. It remains in this liquid thirty-six hours to blacken, is dried with blotting-paper and submitted to a certain pressure, when it becomes a material that can be readily carved. The counterfeit is said to be excellent. An imitation ivory, sufficiently hard for billiard balls, can be made by still greater pressure. A resemblance of coral is obtained by treating carrots in the same manner.

The Use of Phosphoric Acid in tanning has been tried with success. It has the property of holding the albumen in solution without affecting the gelatine, and thus enables the tannic acid to enter the pores of the skins more freely. Stronger tanning liquids can be used when phosphoric acid is added to the bath. The proportion of phosphoric acid to be used has not been determined, but the author, M. Ador, recommends manufacturers to experiment further in the same direction. He thinks that the saving of tannic acid may much more than cover the cost of the phosphoric acid.

The Remarkable Gem called the "Maxwell Stuart" topaz is undoubtedly the largest cut precious stone known. Its weight is 1,475.9 grains, or 368 carats 3.9 grains; specific gravity, 3.5685. It is perfectly white and very brilliant. It was brought from Ceylon many years ago, and has been for a considerable time, in an uncut state, in the possession of Mr. Maxwell-Stuart, a collector of gems, after whom it takes its name. An idea of its size may be formed by stating that the table is 2½ inches in length. It was cut and polished in London, the operations occupying twenty-eight days.

Professor Chrystal, of St. Andrews (formerly of Peterhouse, Cambridge), has been appointed to the Chair of Mathematics in Edinburgh University. He was Second Wrangler and Second Smith's Prize man in 1875, and is already known to science by his experimental researches on Ohm's Law (made in the Cavendish Laboratory), and by the very excellent article "Electricity" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Thus the Chair of Mathematics in St. Andrews is now vacant; and it has just been announced that Professor Blackburn has resigned the University Chair of Glasgow to sanction his retirement from the Chair of Mathematics there. As Professor Fuller, of Aberdeen, resigned last year only, the whole of the Mathematical Chairs in Scotland have been vacant within one year.

A New Project for the construction of a system of canals connecting the Caspian Sea with the Black Sea is now being considered by the Russian Government. The author of the new project is the engineer, M. A. Daniloff. He proposes to construct (1) a canal of some 300 versts in length, from the River Terek to the water-shed of the River Manytsch, which connects the Don with the Caspian Sea, but the bed of which is generally dry; (2) a canal of about 320 versts, from the mouth of the River Kalans (a tributary to the Manytsch), eastward to the Wolga, near Astrachan; (3) a canal from the same spot, westward to the Don (about 350 versts); (4) a branch from the eastward canal to the Serebriakowskaya Station on the Caspian Sea; (5) a branch from the westerly canal to the Black Sea. Other Russian news states that the Government has commanded the Khan of Khiva to furnish 5,000 workmen for the works connected with directing the Oxus River into the Caspian Sea.

Major Serpa Pinto, who traveled across Africa from Benguela to Durban, relates the following, regarding a white race inhabiting that continent: "One day noticed that one of the carriers was a white man. He belonged to a race entirely unknown up to the present day. A great white people exists in South Africa. Their name is Casseque; they are whiter than the Caucasians, and, in place of hair, have their heads covered with small tufts of very short wool. Their cheek bones are prominent; their eyes like those of the Chinese. The men are extremely robust. When they discharge an arrow at an elephant the shaft is completely buried in the animal's body. They live on roots and the chase, and it is only when these supplies fail them that they hold any relations with the neighboring races, the Ambelas, from whom they obtain food in exchange for ivory." He adds that the Casseque are the only people in Africa who do not cook their food in pots; that they wander in groups of from four to six families between the Cuchi and Cubango, never sleeping two nights in the same encampment; and that the bushmen of the South are the result of a crossing of the Casseque with negroes.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has given the University at Nashville \$100,000 more.

Of Dr. Luke Blackburn it is said that, for the first time in the history of the State, a non-professional politician has been elected Governor of Kentucky.

VIVIAN REAM will have her bronze statue of Farragut cast at the foundries of the Bureau of Steam Engineering in the Washington Navy Yard, at her own expense.

MISS NINA KEARNEY, a daughter of General Philip Kearney, who was killed during the Civil War, was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty at a tournament at Orkney Springs, Va., a few days ago.

SINCE the three Astor families arrived at Newport it is estimated they have given \$25,000 to religious and charitable institutions. The new Episcopal Church is to be built with Mrs. John Jacob Astor's money.

THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham's health is decidedly better than it was when he left America. He has been for several days at Ragatz, in Switzerland, and thence will go southward and pass the winter in Italy.

MISS ELLA STURGIS, daughter of General Sturgis of the army, and sister of Lieutenant Sturgis, who was killed with General Custer, is about to make her debut as an actress, and to assume the leading character in a new drama.

THE Emperor of Austria arrived at Gastein Saturday, August 9th. There was great enthusiasm when the Emperor of Germany approached, and the two sovereigns embraced cordially. The town and heights were illuminated at night.

THE late Robert Arzyle, of Gold Hill, Nevada, one of the first settlers of the Comstock, has left \$10,000 to the City of San Francisco to build a fountain. He has ordered the fountain to be made of refuse quartz from each of the Comstock mines.

It is stated in Boston that Mrs. Monroe, the widow of the Dean of the School of Oratory of Boston University, will occupy her late husband's chair at the Autumn term. It is said, further, that she is perfectly capable of doing the work well.

PRESIDENT ANDERSON, of Rochester University, lately secured in three days subscriptions for that institution amounting to \$100,000. Of this sum Mr. John H. Deane gave \$50,000. Mr. John B. Trevor \$25,000, and Mr. Jeremiah Milbank \$25,000.

THE Japanese Government officially invited the French jurist Professor Boissonnat to be an official adviser of the Japanese lawmakers. The French professor has failed to please the Japanese, and now Professor Boissonnat, of Russia, is invited in his stead.

THE oldest (in point of consecration) living bishop in the Church of Rome is Archbishop MacHale of Tuam, Ireland. He was consecrated in 1825, under the pontificate of Leo XII. The next oldest prelate, the Archbishop of Tyre, was preconized in 1826.

SEVENTY-FIVE sculptors sent in designs for the statue to be erected to Thiers in France. The successful young artist, whose work was unveiled on August 3d, is Ernest Charles Demosthenes Guilbert. At the first drawing-school which he entered he carried off all the medals, and in 1873 he secured the grand prize. He exhibited "Cain Maudit" in this year's Salon, obtaining a third-class medal.

THE strong point of Mr. Gladstone's Government was finance. While in office he remitted taxes to the amount £13,000,000, reduced the nation's debt by over £26,000,000, and left his successor a surplus of several millions. Lord Beaconsfield, on the other hand, has imposed taxes to the amount of £5,233,000 over the amount remitted, and created a deficit (not including the Zulu account) of £4,250,000.

MR. GLADSTONE, speaking at the opening of the Art Exhibition at Chester, England, on August 12th, said that when America learned to trust entirely to her own splendid natural resources, the great genius of her people and their marvelous proficiency in the adaptation of labor-saving appliances, in which she was at the head of the world, she would be a formidable competitor with the English manufacturer.

THE ball given at Carlton House Terrace by Lady Olive Guinness, daughter of the Earl of Bantry, and wife of the head of the great porter-brewing house in Dublin, Sir Arthur Guinness, to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, was the most sumptuous revel of a London season. The house, in which Mr. Gladstone had resided for many years, was gorgeously decorated with the rarest exotics and flowers, and the cost was \$40,000.

WHEN Sir Frederick Haines completes next Spring his five years' term as Commander-in-Chief in India he will be succeeded by Sir Garnet Wolseley. The appointment is by far the most extensive command in the British Army, and is better paid than any other military post in the world, the salary attached being £12,000 a year, besides perquisites in servants, etc. Sir Garnet will be the youngest officer ever named to that command.

It is announced that Governor Croswell of Michigan will be married at Charlotte on September 13th. The bride expectant is Miss Lizzie Muguave, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Joseph Muguave, President of the First National Bank of Charlotte, and also head of the wealthy and influential firm of Muguave & Lacy. She is a beautiful woman, still in the twenties, Governor Croswell is about fifty-five years of age and a widower, with two adult children.

It is proposed to hold a reunion at Lexington, Ky., of representatives of the Clay family, the time suggested being from October 14th to the 17th. It is said that all the American born bearing the name are descended from one family. Most of them reside in Kentucky and Alabama, but the family is represented in this State, New England, Texas, and the Carolinas, and in Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, and perhaps other States in the North and Northwest.

THE King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands had a swimming race while on a recent excursion. James G. Fair, the Nevada millionaire, who was then visiting the royal family, says that the party could not land from their steamer for reason of the breakers. The King said that all ought to swim to the shore. The Queen assented, and the pair jumped overboard together. They buffeted the waves with skill, and soon reached land. They not only went where no boat could go, but braved another danger, for the place was alive with sharks.

GENERAL JESSE H. DRAKE, a prominent citizen of Nash County, N. C., died Friday morning, August 8th. In accordance with his deathbed request the will was opened, and it was found that he had left his whole fortune, estimated at from \$10,000 to \$30,000, to three of his former slaves, Calvin Drake, Aaron Drake and Judah Drake, for their lives, with reversion to their children. He leaves all his estate, real and personal, to them and says, "They have been my faithful slaves, and have remained with me since their freedom, nursing and caring for me in my old age, and I desire them to share my gratitude."

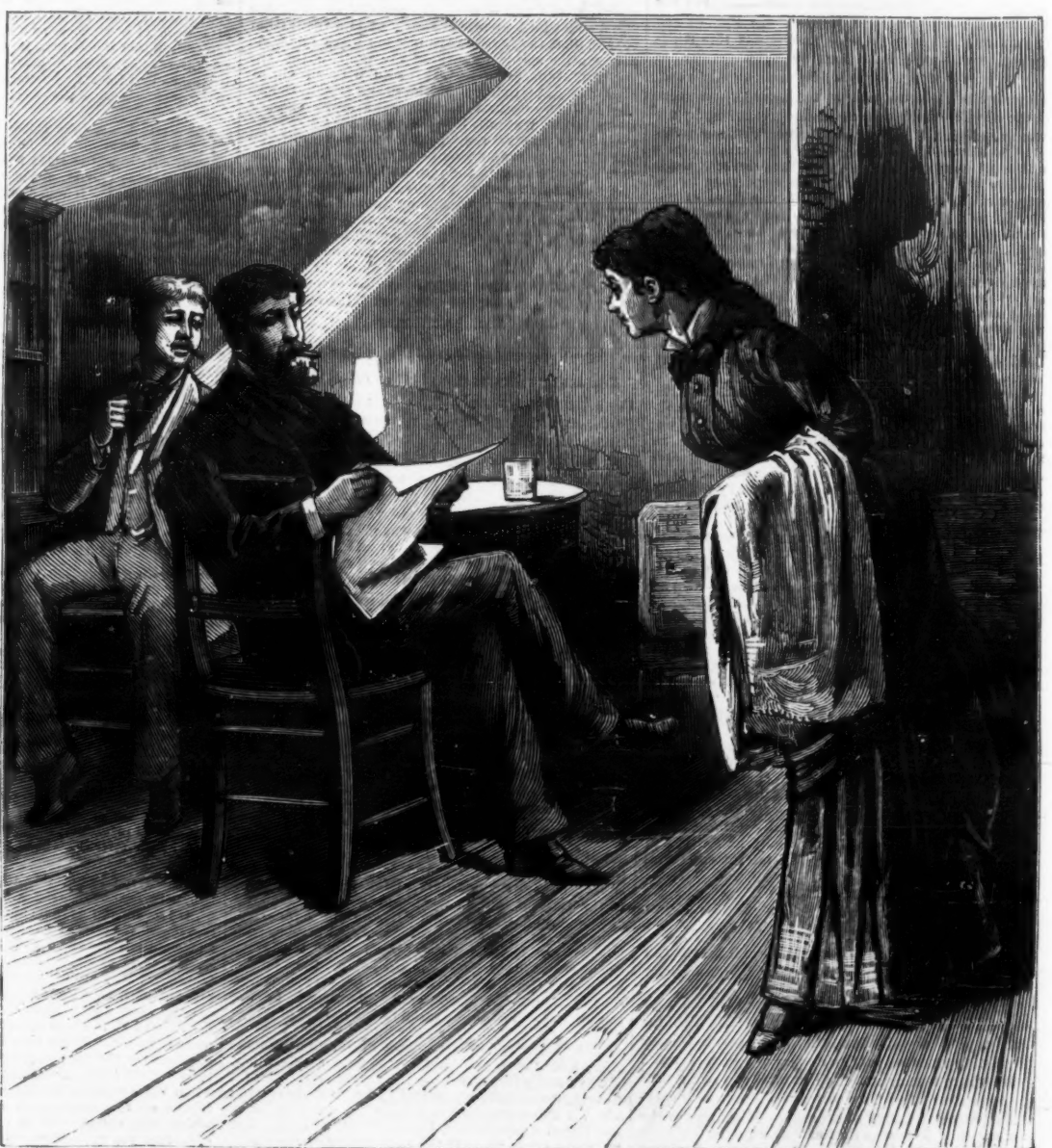




TRAVELERS HUGGING THE STOVE IN A HOTEL-OFFICE IN MIDSUMMER.



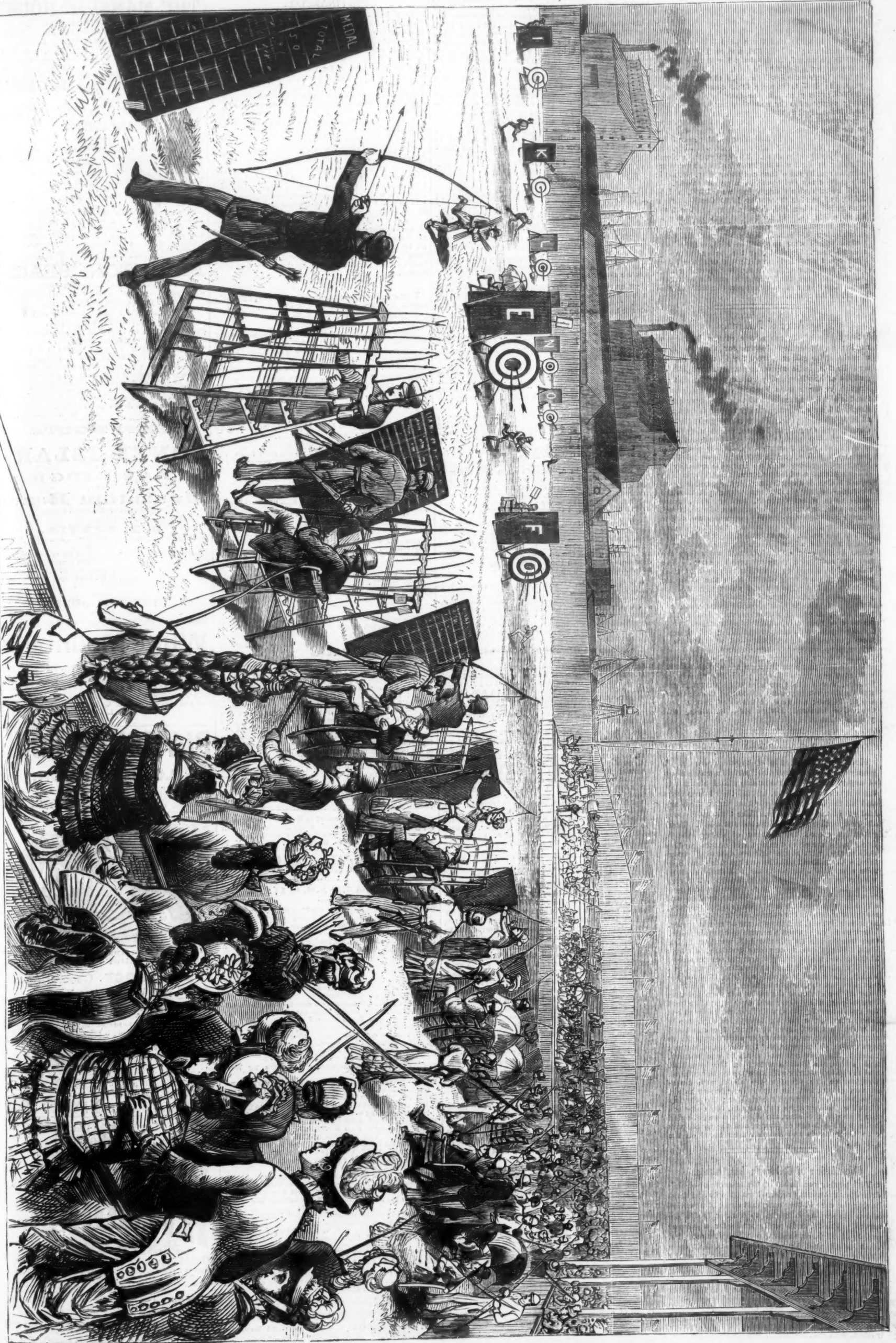
CAUGHT IN A FOG ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.



EVENING ROUNDS OF THE HOTEL CHAMBERMAID—"EXTRA BLANKETS, GENTLEMEN?"

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—INCIDENTS OF TOURIST LIFE AMONG THE SNOWS OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 431.





ILLINOIS.—FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION AT WHITE STOCKING PARK, CHICAGO, AUGUST 12TH-13TH-14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. H. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 431.



## Yellow Fever in American History.

THE history of yellow fever in this country shows that it has scarcely been the exception when the fever appeared as an epidemic the year following an epidemic. In 1847 there were 2,259 deaths in New Orleans; in 1848, 850, and in 1849, 737. In 1853 there were 7,970 deaths in the same city, and there were 2,423 deaths in 1854, and 2,670 in 1855. In 1858 there were 3,889 deaths, but none the next year. In 1867 there were 3,093 deaths, and none the following year. In the same proportions the fever appeared in the smaller places in Louisiana and Mississippi in those years. In 1848, when it reappeared in New Orleans, it came in June, while the epidemic of 1847 began in August. The great epidemic of 1853 began in May, and the epidemic of the year following came in July, and in the next year in June. The epidemic in North Carolina in 1862 was followed in 1864, two years afterwards, by one of increased mortality, but not in the same cities and towns as a general thing. In 1797 Philadelphia's death list was 1,300, in 1798 3,500, and in 1799 there were 1,000 deaths. So it was in 1802 when Philadelphia next had the fever as an epidemic. In South Carolina it has been almost invariably the case that the second year brought an epidemic. Memphis, and all other points which were infected in 1873, escaped the second year. In that year the fever began at Shreveport first, and did not come until the latter part of August, reaching Memphis September 14th. August has been the favorite month for its inception. Last year it began near the first of that month in the South.

## Acres of Perfume.

SOME idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India alone consume about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfume yearly; that the English revenue from French eau de-cologne of itself is \$40,000 annually, and the total revenue of England from other imported perfumes is estimated at \$200,000 each year. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses yearly about 100,000 pounds of acacia-flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower-leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine-blossoms, and 20,000 pounds of tuberose-blossoms, together with an immense quantity of other material used for perfume. Victoria, in New South Wales, is a noted place for the production of perfume-yielding plants, because such plants as the mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, acacia, heliotrope, rosemary, wall-flower laurel, orange and the sweet-scented geraniums are said to grow there in greater perfection than in any other part of the world. South Australia, it is believed, would also be a good place for the growing of these perfume-producing plants, though they are not yet cultivated there to much extent. The value of perfumes to countries adapted to their production may be gathered from the following estimate of their growth and value per acre, as given in the London (Eng.) *Journal of Horticulture*: An acre of jasmine plants, 80,000 in number, will produce 5,000 pounds of flowers, valued at \$1,250; an acre of rose-trees, 10,000 in number, will yield 2,000 pounds of flowers, worth \$375; 100 orange-trees growing on an acre will yield, at ten years of age, 2,000 pounds of flowers, valued at \$250; an acre of violets, producing 1,600 pounds of flowers, is worth \$800; an acre of cassia trees of about 300, will at three years of age yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth \$450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2,000 ounces distilled otto, worth \$1,000; an acre of lavender, giving over thirty-five hundred flowers for distillation, will yield a value of \$1,500.

## The Religious Capital of Japan.

KIOTO is the great religious capital of Japan. A girle of temples surrounds it within a vast sweep of many miles. The mountains stand about it in the shape of a horseshoe, and all their lower spurs and all the dells and valleys that break them are laid out in temple grounds. The temples rise one above the other through dark belts of wood. Their gateways crowd the avenues of every suburb. Their lands are of vast extent, laid out in gardens and parks, with rustic bridges spanning waterfalls, with endless footpaths and cascades and holy fountains, and little platforms and harbors, from which there are lovely views innumerable. Every week, and almost every day, there is some new festival. The brilliant dress of the women and children who keep the feast gleams along the dark, steep paths, and in the evening the lamps spring up as if in fairyland, and there is music and laughter. Worshippers can choose a service after their fancy. One temple has its gigantic bell, another its Dai Buts. Rengehojin, in one long building, displays 33,000 gilded idols; Hondoganji, in the very center of the city, offers the silence of cloistered courts, and within, grave and lofty halls softly matted for the feet, the roof supported on gilded pillars, the walls hung with pictures of the saints and paneled with birds-of-paradise. Over and over again we met the great temple roofs, with their magnificent but heavy curves, the quaint gateways, or *torii*, mostly of wood, but sometimes of stone, the courtyard surrounded by trees, the inner sanctuary with its mysterious *gohei* paper, and the burnished mirror; outside, the universal lamps, all of one pattern, and within, the Buddha sitting on the lotus leaf, and the gilded warrior with his weapons in his hand. Everywhere the priest moves about with clean-shaven crown, and the nun, in long brown robes, slips noiselessly through the cloister; the pilgrims from the country stare and worship, the coins are rung before the altar, the deep and sweet-toned bells toll the hours of prayer, and the worshippers clap their hands and lie with their faces on the ground.

## Ventilation of Children's Apartments.

THE proper ventilation of the apartment of children does not usually receive from parents and those having the care of the young that share of attention which its serious influence upon their health deserves. Provision is rarely made for a regular supply of fresh, or removal of vitiated, air beyond what is afforded by windows, doors, and open chimneys. The fact is that the public generally are not yet alive to the vast evils consequent upon breathing impure air. If, however, you want to be convinced and to see these evils in their most unmitigated form, it is only necessary to visit the dwellings of the poor in a crowded city. The atmosphere you will have to breathe, and the appearance of the inmates, will amply suffice to convince you, however skeptical. In cities, as contrasted with rural districts, the deaths from con-

sumption are about 24 per cent.; those from typhus fever about 55 per cent.; those from childbirth 59 per cent.; and so of several other disorders. The diseases chiefly incidental to childhood are twice as fatal in the city as in the country. The mean duration of life in the two classes of districts differs nearly 17 years, being in the proportion of 55 years in the country to 38 in the towns and cities. These differences can only be explained by attributing them to the weakening influence of impure air and the want of sufficient exercise; and there is one circumstance which shows that impure air is the most noxious agent of the two, namely, the great comparative mortality in towns of children under two years of age, even although they get as much exercise as their time of life would allow of anywhere. Many authorities might be quoted in confirmation of this conclusion, did our space allow.

## FUN.

THE proverb "fair exchange is no robbery" didn't refer to church fairs.

WE hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sewing anything but tares.

IT is evident that the earth is feminine from the persistence with which she refuses to tell her age.

THERE are more watches worn in the United States than in any other country, but do the people have a better time?

"I HAVE nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer, gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

ARTIST (to Chicago landlady): "Yes, I like the room very well, but it is absolutely necessary that I should have a north light." Old Lady in Charge: "Bless the man! then what's the use of coming out West if you want that?"

"MA," said a little girl, "do men want to get married as much as women do?" "Pshaw! what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the ladies who come here are always talking about getting married; the men don't."

CLARK in the Agricultural College.—Professor: "Is there any way to obtain good fruit without grafting or budding?" Student: "Yes, sir." Professor: "Please explain the process." Student: "Watch your chance, and when the farmer goes to dinner crawl over in the orchard and steal it."

A GENTLEMAN in a draper's shop had the misfortune to tread on a lady's skirt. She turned round, her face flushed with anger, but seeing the gentleman was a stranger, she smiled complacently, saying, "I beg pardon, sir; I was going to be in a dreadful passion. I thought it was my husband."

MR. GEORGE DINES, who has made extensive experiments and observations on the formation of dew, finds that the depth of deposit in England in an evening rarely exceeds a hundredth part of an inch, and that the average annual depth of the dew deposited upon the surface of the earth does not exceed an inch and a half.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season and was rescued by a gallant young man whom she afterwards married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, madam, but I don't know how to swim."

A MAN was testifying in Justice Howe's court at Little Rock, Ark., when a loud peal of thunder and a flash of lightning caused him to spring from his seat. The Justice, with his fatherly kind of protection, reaching over and catching hold of the man, said: "Sit down, sir, sit down. You are in my charge now. Don't be frightened; I'll protect you." The man looked at the Justice with an inexpressible expression, sat down in the chair and resumed his statement.

SOME few weeks back a worthy lady advertised for a plain cook, and several persons applied for the situation. Owing to her fastidiousness, however, none of them seemed to suit her requirements; but, at the "eleventh hour," a maiden from the Emerald Isle made application. In reply to a question whether she was able to do plain cooking, she gave an affirmative answer, adding, "The plainer the better for me." After being further tested in an oral manner, the good lady said: "My husband likes his meat boiled, and I like mine roasted. Now, if you had a fowl to cook, how would you do?" "Please, ma'am," said the girl, "I would roast it first, an' you could ate your share; then I wud boll what you left for the master."

## A HINT TO WORKINGMEN.

THE honest workingmen of the country, many of whom have large and increasing families to support, have been the chief sufferers from the great financial pressure under which we have labored for the last few years. Diminished wages have not been attended by a corresponding diminution in price of everything which the workingman needs. Rents, fuel, food and clothing are cheaper, but these do not constitute all his necessities. It is sometimes necessary for him to employ a lawyer or a physician, yet the fee rates of physicians and lawyers are as high as they were in "flush" times. Yet cheap medicines are as necessary as cheap rents or fuel. Cheap medicines are not necessarily poor medicines. It must be obvious to every intelligent person that medicines, compounded and put up at wholesale, can be sold at much lower rates than when retailed from the doctor's pill-box. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have completely restored persons who had spent hundreds of dollars in vainly seeking relief from private practitioners, and all at a very slight expenditure.

THE utility of amateur printing presses like those manufactured by W. A. KELSKY & Co., of Meriden, Conn., is fully established. They are rapidly making their way into offices and business houses in all parts of the world, as really effective economists of time and money. With them boys pass many a pleasant and useful hour, learning the "art preservative," and acquire, at the same time, practical knowledge and experience, which insures a comfortable and honorable livelihood. Within their wide range these presses do work excelled by none and always satisfactory.

PREMATURE loss of the hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16th, 1877.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:

Gentlemen—One year ago my hair commenced falling out until I was almost bald. After using your COCAINE for a few months, I have a thick growth of new hair.

ALEXANDER HENRY,  
No. 814 East Girard Ave.

## FINANCIAL.

THE well-known banking-house of EVARTS, BARNES & Co., of 24 Broad Street, New York, have recently brought to the notice of the public a plan for operating in stocks that is well worthy of attention. It consists in combining many small orders into one large syndicate with which to operate. The total amount is then used for thirty days in buying and selling stocks as judgment and experience may dictate, and at the expiration of this time the profits are divided among the shareholders *pro rata*. We understand that their customers are realizing very large profits on their investments under this system, which is really the safest possible way to deal in stocks.

THE continued spread of the yellow fever in the South revives the recollection of the value of A. WERNER & Co.'s "AMERICA" EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE in the treatment last year of this and similar fatal epidemics. In many Southern cities "America" was used with perfect success in fortifying the system to resist the attacks of disease and in warding off the approach of fevers and malaria. Its action is always mild, healthful and certain; so much so that many physicians prescribe "America" regularly for their patients. In many cases a gentle tonic is all the system requires, and in every respect the results, immediate and permanent, are more satisfactory than those obtained by the more powerful remedies.

THE greatest nourishing tonic, appetizer, strengthener and curative on earth—Hop Bitters.

WHEN the St. NICHOLAS hotel was opened, many years ago, New York and the whole country were deeply interested in this most superb of hostels. Other formidable rivals have since sprung up, but still the St. NICHOLAS stands in its pristine dignity. Excellence of *cuisine*, superb apartments, and all the modern conveniences, make this hotel, at \$3.50 per day, the most moderate-priced in the country.

THE pleasure of bathing is greatly increased by mixing in the tub half or even a quarter of a bottle of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. Instantly the whole atmosphere of the bathroom is as fragrant as a blooming flower-garden, the mind becomes buoyant, and the body emerges refreshed and strengthened.

It is impossible to remain long sick or out of health where Hop Bitters are used.

HALFORD'S LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE is capital for dyspeptics; gives tone to the stomach. Physicians recommend it.

THE Genuine Asbestos Roofing forms the lightest and most economical roof in use. It can be easily applied by any one. H. W. JOHNS' MANUFACTURING CO., 87 MAIDEN LANE, New York, sole manufacturers.

Commonwealth Distribution Co.,—Next Monthly Drawing, August 30th.—Unprecedented success of the new and original feature of allowing any ticket-holder present the privilege of calling out his number and seeing it placed in the wheel.—The last drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Co., in Louisville, Ky., was the grandest success of all. Macauley's Theatre was filled to overflowing, and many persons called out the numbers of their tickets, which were readily shown them and placed in the wheel. The numbers representing all the tickets, from 1 to 100,000, are accurately printed by machinery, spread out on a table, and so arranged in packages of 100 that it is only the work of a moment to pick out any number. If one is there all must be there, as it is impossible to know what numbers will be called for. This is a sure prevention against fraud or favoritism. The next Grand Drawing will be conducted in the same manner, and the same splendid scheme presented, viz.: 1,000 prizes, amounting to \$112,400. Orders are pouring in from all parts of the country, so great is the confidence in the integrity of the Company. Tickets are only \$2; halves, \$1. See advertisement. Address, T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.; or same at No. 165 Broadway, N. Y.

\$10 to \$1,000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address, BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

## Metropolitan Elevated Railway.

Open from 5:30 A.M. to 12 P.M.

RECTOR ST.—Nearest point for Wall Street Ferry, and connects with cars for South Ferry.  
CORTLANDT ST.—Nearest point for Jersey City and Communipaw Ferries.  
PARK PLACE.—Nearest point for Post Office, City Hall, and Barclay Street Ferry to Hoboken.  
CHAMBERS ST.—Nearest point for Pavenia and Erie Railway Ferry.  
FRANKLIN ST.—Nearest point for Desbrosses Street Ferry for Jersey City, and connects with cars for Desbrosses and East Grand Street Ferries.  
BLEECKER ST.—Connects with cars for East and West EIGHTH ST.—Connecting with cars for Christopher Street and East Tenth Street Ferries.  
FOURTEENTH ST.—Connecting with cars for East Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth Street Ferries.  
TWENTY-THIRD ST.—Connecting with cars for Twenty-third Street Ferry to Jersey City, and East Thirty-fourth Street Ferry to Hunter's Point.  
THIRTY-THIRD ST.—Connecting with cars for Weehawken Ferry.  
FORTY-SECOND ST.—Connects with New York Transfer Company's cars for Grand Central Depot.  
FIFTIETH ST. AND SIXTH AVE.  
FIFTY-EIGHTH ST.—Sixth Avenue entrance to Central Park, connecting with cars of Belt Line Railroad.  
FIFTY-THIRD ST. AND EIGHTH AVE.  
FIFTY-NINTH ST. AND NINTH AVE.  
SEVENTY-SECOND ST. AND NINTH AVE.  
EIGHTY-FIRST ST. AND NINTH AVE.  
NINETY-THIRD ST. AND NINTH AVE.  
ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH ST. AND NINTH AVE.  
For up town trains take east-side stations.  
For down town trains take west-side stations.  
Trains will run to Fifty-eighth St. and Sixth Ave. and One Hundred and Fourth St. and Ninth Ave. alternately. Sunday Trains from 12:30 P.M. till 12 midnight.  
FARE 10 CENTS.  
Except between the hours of 5:30 and 7:30 A.M. and 5 and 7 P.M., when the fare is 5 cents.  
WM. R. GARRISON, President.  
M. VAN BROCKLIN, Superintendent.

## ANGOSTURA BITTERS

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